

To C. F. Gunther, Esq.,

With Compliments to Dr.

George W. Perrigo,

CORRESPONDENT

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

CHICAGO HERALD.

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GALENA, ILL., GAZETTE.

Ulrich Middeldorf

Review Copy.

See by
Robert Seymour
J. Kenney threads
on p 142 - and
other lines from the

To
The Editor of
The Colcath Review
with The Publishers' Respects



The *merry* Pages of Comus !



LONDON:
 SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.
 1833.

THE
COMIC OFFERING;
OR
LADIES' MELANGE
OF
LITERARY MIRTH,
FOR
MDCCCXXXIII.

EDITED BY
LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity ;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides. *Milton.*

LONDON :
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.
1833.

TO
THE LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN
THIS THIRD VOLUME
OF
THE COMIC OFFERING
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

IN preparing a short preface for my third comic volume, I had anticipated that it would consist solely of *thanks*:—first, to the kind supporters of my work, whose patronage has rendered the occupation so light and agreeable:—secondly, to the members of the critical press, who have in such a flattering and encouraging manner, unanimously bestowed their commendations on my undertaking:—and finally, to all those contributors who have lent their aid so willingly, and through whose valuable exertions I trust the present “offering” will be found an improvement on the last.

But, beside the pleasing task of expressing my deep sense of obligation to those who have thus contributed in various ways to my success and gratification, I am now obliged to add a request for indulgence towards any defects in my volume, which I may have overlooked, having suffered severe indisposition precisely at the period of arranging its contents: and if any delay or apparent neglect should have occurred respecting manuscripts or letters, I trust the writers will excuse it, in consideration of the cause.

The present volume, in accordance with the suggestions of several good judges of literature, con-

sists of pieces considerably *shorter* than those hitherto selected, thus enabling me to offer a *greater variety* of style and subject among my present *Sixty* contributions, than in the "*Thirty-nine articles*" which formed the second volume. The same well known and valuable names will be found on my list, with several brilliant additions : I beg leave to offer my grateful thanks to the Noble writers who have this year voluntarily honored my pages by their contributions, being indebted to seven members of the Peerage for their valuable assistance ; and I hope I may calculate on the continuance of a similar honor for the next volume. Where the writers have not affixed their names to the MSS., I have not taken the liberty of adding them, fearing it would be considered as a breach of confidence, by those who might not wish their names to be known : — two of my noble contributors say they withhold their signatures in consequence of the severity with which aristocratic writers are treated by some of the critical press : — while acceding to their wishes, I must be allowed a difference of opinion on this point ; and indeed, the two contributions with which they have honored the Comic Offering, might, I think, fearlessly encounter all unprejudiced criticism.

In some instances I have taken the liberty of omitting a few lines ; in others I have added a few, and where that addition has been considerable, I

have likewise subjoined my name : the article entitled "*A Sailor*," consisted originally of two pages, but I increased it to seven, and hope the author will not be dissatisfied by the alteration. I may here state that the obligation conferred by sending a contribution, would be greatly increased by an *early* transmission. In consequence of the time required to execute the numerous engravings, the selection of manuscripts is made at an early period of the year, and many valuable articles are, of necessity omitted on account of arriving too late. This year I have been deprived of the productions of three celebrated writers (one of them a lady highly valued in both literary and private circles, whose style of writing is universally admired), their contributions unfortunately having been received after my work was printed.

Of the three Comic annuals which started at the same time, the Comic Offering alone remains; and, feeling always warmly interested in the cause of Comus, I regret extremely being deprived of the amusement I have hitherto derived from their pages. My little work being conducted on a plan with which none other interferes, I may venture to express favourable opinions of my contemporaries, without incurring an imputation of insincerity. Within the last few months, a work, something similar to the comic annuals, has been established,

for which, at the request of the editors, I have furnished an article. Having been censured for this act, as “an *affectation of liberality* which it was impossible any writer *could feel* towards an opposition work,” I hope I may be allowed to state, that, having been pleased with the first number, I wrote a critical notice in its favor, in consequence of which the first editor offered to contribute towards my Annual, and requested me to write for his publication. I was unable to comply with his wish until after the present editor (also a stranger to me) had been kind enough to furnish some articles for my present volume ; I therefore disclaim even the “*affectation*” of *liberality*, in giving my gratuitous trifling aid, in return for the literary exertions of himself and some of his contributors, all unknown to me, even by name.

The illustrations of my present volume have, as usual, been chiefly furnished by me : the others by persons of well-known talent. Artists, who have seen some of them, consider the style to be superior to the former designs ; and from the care bestowed on their selection and execution, it is hoped they are rendered worthy the inspection of the refined and elegant class, whom I feel proud to be enabled to describe as the chief patrons and supporters of the LADIES' COMIC OFFERING.

LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

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THE ARCHERY MEETING.

THE Archery meeting ! believe me, dear Jane,
We never shall meet with its equal again ;
Such laughing and flirting ! you'd hardly suppose
We could fail, with such numbers of *strings* to our
bows,

For the gentlemen seemed to have made it their rules
To cast a *sheep's-eye*, while *we* aimed at the *bull's*.
But our hearts and the target got out of the scrape,
Tho' both, I confess, made *an arrow* escape !

But first,—to begin at the very beginning,—
Our dress is a darling, so graceful and winning,
That even Papa, tho' so often severe,
Confessed that he held it amazingly *dear*.
We have gowns of green silk, and our bonnets are
green,
With the richest green feathers that ever were seen ;

And though our kid gauntlets were white as pure
snow,

I must add that we all were "*green hands*" at the
bow!

Sir Philip declared, (that Sir Philip's a brute!)

We look'd like his pastures, when going to shoot!

But we all fired so wide, with such misses amazing,
That he vow'd we should never be famous for *grazing*.

Poor surly Sir Philip's a crooked old elf

That thinks none has a right to a *bow* but himself:

But though still he may flout us, and jeer us, and
snub,

He will soon be knock'd down by so powerful a
club!

O'Leary — he's one of the rich widow's suitors —

Declared us a corps of Diana's *sharp-shooters*,

Or Cupid's light infantry trained to our duty,

Looking out for engagements, and *divils* for *booty*.

"Ah!" whispered Lord Henry, "no wonder in
fact 'tis,

That their aim should be good, with such lots of *ball*-
practice."

Miss Flirt drew her bow, but so oddly she wheel'd,
She hit a roan horse in the neighbouring field;

"Aha!" said a wag in a half whispered tone,

"Behold 'The wild rush of the *arrowy Rhone*!'"

O'Leary then fired, but so ill, that we thought

A bow made to "shoot round a corner" he'd brought:



Better and Better!
or
“*done, and Dun !*”

“Faith,” said he, “tho’ the weather is *clear*, I insist
That I fired at a *fog*—for the target is *mist*!”

A bet of some gloves I proposed, but I found
None offer’d to ‘*take me*’ midst all the beaux round !
I at length found one *better*, but when (to my cost)
With my *bettors* I tried—I came *worst* off—and lost !

Next came a French Comte, and so badly he fired,
That were he not shameless, he’d quick have retired ;
But he bowed, look’d at me, and then smirking ex-
claimed,

“When de *belles* are *bien aimées*, the *bow’s* badly
aimed!”

Not one luckless accident happened all day,
Not e’en to the target, Sir Philip would say.
Miss Aimwell went nearest — a flow’r pot she cleft,
And spoilt a geranium twelve yards to the left.
In short, ’twas delightful ! We parted, and then
We were all so enchanted at meeting again !
We danced, oh such dancing ! ’twas speedily shown
That Collinet’s bow was more true than our own.
And — here comes a slander, my bosom which har-
rows —

Our glances were surer, they said, than our arrows
And Edward sat next me the whole of the night,
And said — but I’ll tell you the next time I write !

JUNO'S SOIRÉE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

ONCE Juno sent out cards "*at home*" to her own
exclusive circle,
She knew the leaders of *high-ton* were sure to come
at *her* call :
She heav'd a sigh for Weippert's band, but check-
ing her vexation,
Engaged the music of the spheres, as *next* in esti-
mation !

The Queen received the kindest gifts from ev'ry
friendly neighbour, —
First Bacchus sent a pipe of wine, then Pan a pipe
and tabor :
Diana sent her fullest moon to light the upper re-
gions,
And Venus sent 'a brace of birds,' — (a pair of
doves or pigeons).

The evening came, and Juno shone a blaze of star-
like beauty ;
Field-marshal Mars was pre-engaged on military
duty :

Three Muses came, — Mnemosyne, the very best of
mothers,
Ne'er took *nine* daughters out at once, so left at
home the others.

The old-maid Furies, *boa*-clad, who thought them-
selves delightful,
Declared they were quite *grieved* to see poor Venus
look so frightful :
The Graces danced a saraband, — Minerva thought
them shocking,
And Momus quiz'd *her* style of dress, and called her
a blue-socking.

The Fates (stern *Spin*-sters !) partners lack'd ; and
so Miss Clothos *spun*
A yarn she called “ the thread of life,” which
frightened every one :
Miss Lachesis a *measure* took to check the lively sport,
With Atropos, who with *sheer* spite, would *cut all*
pleasure short !

Supper was laid, as Gunter lays it, where the most
select are,
And Jupiter bade Ganymede hand round the oldest
nectar :
Aurora was the first to hint that *morning* was not far off,
And all the party said “ *Good day !*” as *Phæbus*
drove his car off !

A SAILOR.

A Sketch of Character.

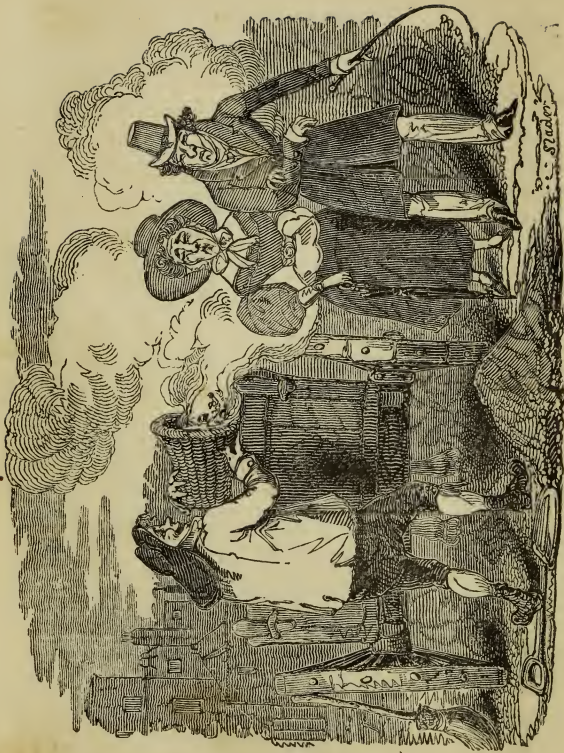
BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN, AND J. B., ESQ.

A SAILOR is a most curious amphibious animal, — a sort of “*marine curiosity*,” — belonging more to the water than the land, as he is an *odd fish* : being connected with the *Pike-staff*, he is called a *Jack* ; but as his taste for *rum* or *tobacco* prevails, he is either a *Bottle-Jack* or a *Smoke-Jack* !

He is also called sometimes a heart of *oak* ; but although he is a *climber*, and one of the *hop* species, he seems most naturally to belong to the (h)*elm*.

He knows but little of agriculture, except *ploughing the sea*, which produces *waving* crops, — and this he supposes to be the reason why the helm is called a *tiller* !

He reckons *twice* as many capes and headlands as other geographers, because he has *doubled* them all : he cares but little for *landed property*, his



"Raising the wind," not always "down with the dust!"

principal interest being *floating* capital: hence he suffers greatly by a *run on a bank*,—when, in spite of his reliance on the *main* chance, and his hopes of raising the wind, poor Jack is indeed *run aground*!

He will sail *under* a *double* reef, though he would not dare to sail *over* a *single* one! Though he *walks* not on the water, he often *rides* upon it, and has likewise been on it in a *gig*. Being questioned as to the existence of *sea horses*, he says, of course there must be such creatures, because he has often seen *sea mews*!

He is prompt at a *tack*, and has sometimes injured a *scull* in a *row*:—yet he shews mercy to his enemies on the *quarter* deck, for he and his mess-mates have always death before their eyes, because from their *berths* they see their *shrouds* by the *dead lights*!

Jack is nothing of a Jew, by his love of *pigtail*; yet is he fond of *boarding* at others' expense: perhaps this arises from his always making a *mess* of his own food when he cooks it. He passes some part of his life in a *cott*, yet his habitation is generally *three times more decked* than another's. Though he is no gardiner, he understands '*making harbours*:' and if he seldom *anchors* in a *bower*, why at least he is frequently near his *bower-anchor*!

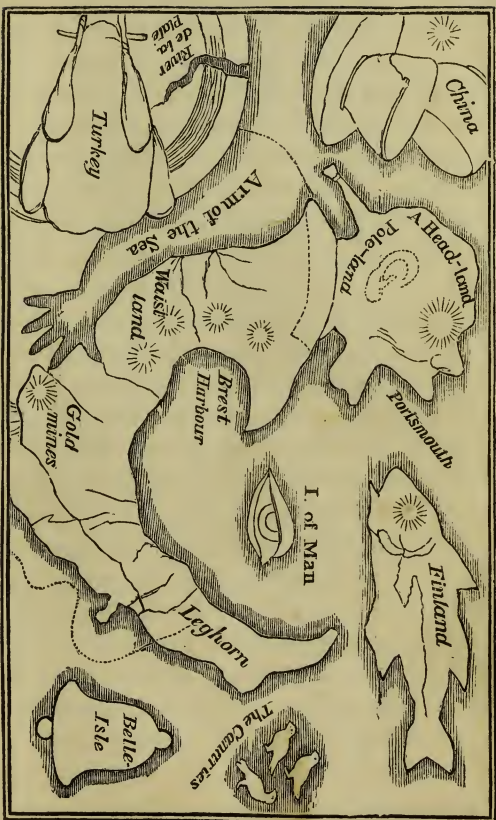
He *compasses* all his designs of roaming; and no barber, sedan-chairman, or turn-coat elector, is more

expert in going from *pole to pole* ! — yet you would fancy each harbour was his vessel's *tar-rying* place.

Speaking of history, he says his royal namesake, king John, had better have given the nation some *large maps* instead of *Magna Charta* : that Alexander the Great must have been a lubber to have puzzled for *many hours* over *one knot*, when the worst boat that sails can 'go it' at the rate of *many knots* in *one hour* : that a *loyal* sailor is often forced to become *Jack-o'-binnacle* : and as for an invasion by France, whenever such a thought has been *harboured* in her *Brest* (which would be the '*road to Rouen*') the vision has been a *fleeting* one !

Though his commander may have *stern* habits, he is always disposed to put his men *forward*, and make them understand a *bow*. As a musician, Jack is more likely to be an instrumental than a vocal performer ; because (though he has a good notion of correct *soundings*) he can't *pitch his voice* as well as he can *pitch his fingers* !

Not much given to the *pathetic*, he is sometimes attached to the *Tender*. More constant in friendship than in love, he never shuns an old shipmate, but is often accustomed to *cut-lass* : his fickleness is, however, easily accounted for, as the greatest naval heroes have been *Admire-alls* ! Some places make Jack an *anchor-at*, yet he generally hates so-



Figurative geography.

litude, never going below without a *companion*, and in the dark nights is always surrounded with *beams*.

His ship is his mistress (she has also a *master*), and he accounts for her feminine appellation by her being frequently *in stays*, and having *earrings* : he often praises the beauty of her *waist*, which he guards with his *small arms* : it is to be supposed that he admires *en-bon-point*, as he speaks rapturously of her *fine broad side*, and he describes *her arms* as *six-and-thirty pounders* !

Without fancying himself to be one of the elect, he has great faith in a *caul*. Each man should be good in his calling, yet the boatswain's call is *nauti-call*. None of the ship's company dislike *taking a watch* now and then, — and I am ashamed to add, they sometimes all *lie to* ! In extenuation of their few failings, we should recollect that persons brought up on the "*salt and briny deep*" are very likely to become '*little Pickles* !'

With some *loose habits*, Jack has others which keep him in *check* : his stockings he calls *navy-gaiters*, and he first invented *channel-soled* shoes and *pumps*, to let in and out the salt water ! The reason of his wearing such a *small hat* is his dislike to a *cap-size* !

In his *stow-ical* moods he betakes himself below, as his strong *hold*. He does not often *brood* over

any thing, yet is often found under *close hatches* ! *Fowl* weather comes *pat* to him after seeing *Carey's chickens* : then no fine-eared musician can take more precautions against a *squall* ! — Yet, being a philosopher, when his ship is *taken aback*, he is generally *taking o' backy* !

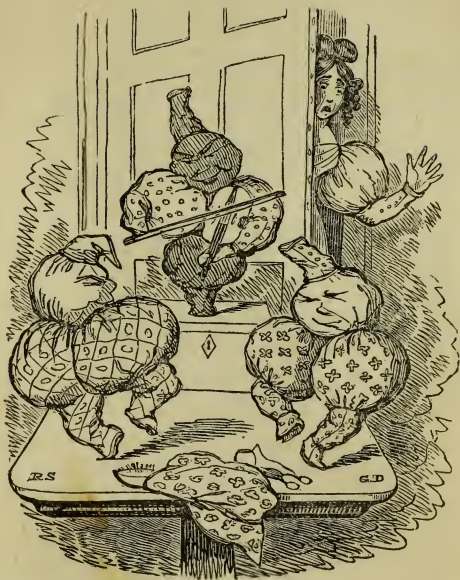
Jack likes some animals, particularly *powder-monkeys*, many of them being kept on board : but he has a prejudice against a *cat*, though every ship has two *cats' heads* and nine *cats' tails* !

He so loves a *spar*, that he will sometimes even *box the compass*, in a *pointed* manner : his time is divided between *running on his rigs* and *running up his rigging* !

As national emblems, the *Rose* and the *Thistle* are equal to him : but he decidedly prefers *Ireland* to *Wales*, because he would at all times rather hear of a *Sham-rock* than a *Leak* !

In no service is promotion so rapid as on board ship, as there is an *Ensign raised* every day : and in taking vessels laden with money, what men are more disposed to *enter-prize* ? When on land, Jack has no objection to the *puffs* of auctioneers, because no one knows better than himself the assistance of *trade winds* in *filling sales* !

Finally, I have not the least doubt of my little jokes being received in good part ; for *who better than a sailor knows how to TAKE AN OBSERVATION* !



The Jig-oh Sleeves !

THOSE GIGOT SLEEVES!

Parody on "Those evening bells."

BY "THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE."

THOSE gigot sleeves ! those gigot sleeves
How many an eye their size relieves
Of arms grown red before their time,
Or shapeless with the fat of prime !

Those artless hours have passed away
When these balloons were not thought gay,
Nor, 'till of every charm bereaved,
Was woman's arm e'er gigot-sleeved !

But so 'twill be when I am gone,
These puffed-out sacks will still swell on,
'Till woman's whim their fall achieves,
And she 'll not laugh—in gigot sleeves !

A TROOP, OR A "TROUPEAU?"

A Pastoral.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

ALEXIS was a shepherd boy,
 A stouter, stronger swain
 Ne'er tended tender flocks of sheep,
 Nor trod enamelled plain.
 He never felt the flame of love,
 Though many burn'd for him;
 Gay Dorcas boldly sought him once,
 Prank'd out in gayest trim.

She told her love; — he said her wish
 Could never come to pass : —
 She was, alas ! too plain for him. —
 And much too plain *a lass !*

Poor Dorcas storm'd and wept with rage ; —
 Alexis fearing harm, —
Seeing her love was changed to hate,
 Ran off, fill'd with alarm.

He sought the valley's solitude,
 Where many a *neddy* bray'd,
Beside a pebbly brook, whose stream
 In many an *eddy* play'd !
He sat there, sighing with the breeze,
 And murmuring with the brook ;
His curly head was in his hands —
 His *straight* legs on the *crook* !

Alack ! the vengeance Dorcas call'd
 Lack'd not — for Cupid's shaft
Made him for fair Lucinda sigh —
 While fair Lucinda laughed !
The lily of the valley she, —
 With charms ne'er known to fail ;
None could surpass — altho' unveil'd —
 This beauty in a *vale*.

Now when Alexis sued, pursued
 And found no good ensued,
He bought a new and modish suit,
 And straight his *suit* *renew'd* !

But nought avail'd his lamb's-wool hose,
His vest, or modish clothes ; —
Hearts may be won by lovers' *sighs* —
But not by lovers' *hose* !

He, finding that his speech was vain,
Recourse had to his *Pen* ;
(Not that he scrawl'd a billet-doux,
For shepherds *could* not then !)
Altho' his friend Augustus vow'd
" He certainly did *right* !"
When from the Upland *Pen* he drew
A sheep and lamb so white.

This Pen upon the hill called " Downs "
Was where his flock he led
Each night : — so, tho' a *bed* of *flock*,
'Twas also a *down bed* !
But his kind gifts Lucinda spurn'd,
Saying, " Take them from my view ; —
For know, I hate both *sheep* and *lamb*,
And also I hate *ewe* (you) !"

Dismay, despair, discord, disdain,
Disturb'd his dismal breast :
He tore his locks, and in loud key
Exclaim'd no more he 'd rest.

Then bump'd his head against a rock,
And vow'd that it was hard —
Lucinda should so lightly thus
His heavy heart discard !

And then he vowed so hateful seemed
Flocks, cott, stream — every thing :
No more he 'd live by *hook* or *crook*,
He 'd go to serve the king !
And holding firm in this resolve,
His plans were soon arranged :
His *sheep-hook* for a *ramrod* then
Was speedily exchanged !

His *native* place he *cast* away
From thoughts then thronging fast ;
And gipsy-like, Alexis his
Nativity thus *cast* !
He sold his *scrip*, and bought his *stock*, —
Th' *exchange* some good did yield : —
He *let his meadows* to a friend,
Then boldly — *took the field* !



Living by hook and by crook !



THE FLYBEKINS,

OR

THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

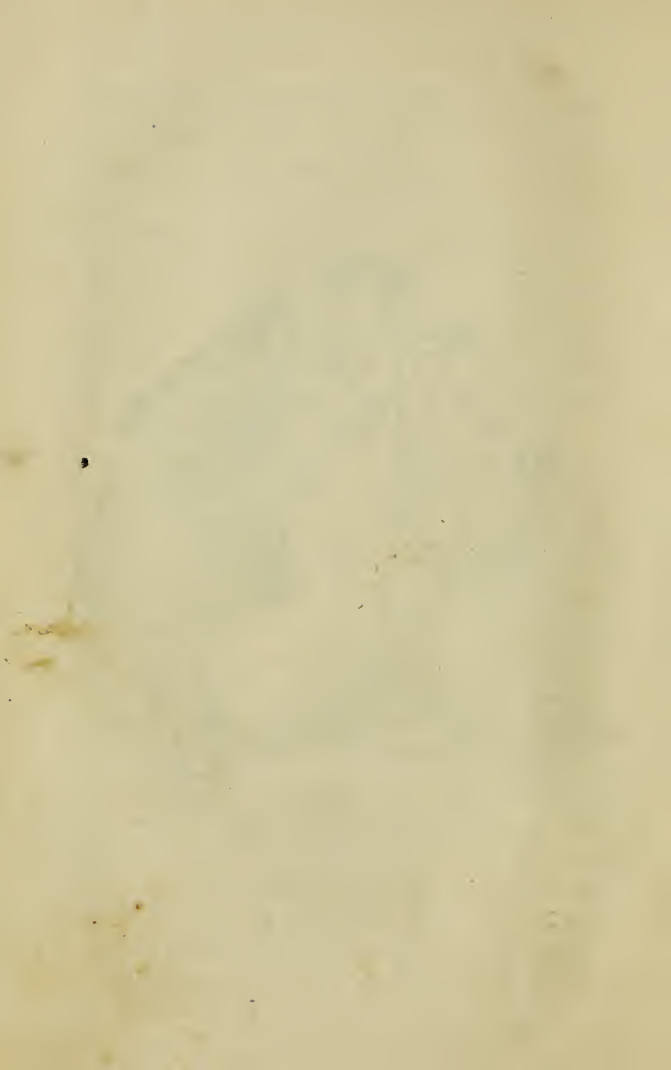
THE Flybekins were distant connexions of the great Lord B., living "genteelly" in the west of England: and Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin were the only adult members of the family at the period of the incident which gave rise to this anecdote. It happened once that these "country cousins" were possessed with an uncontrollable desire to enter within the hitherto unapproached circle of London fashion and gaiety in which their noble relatives moved with such distinction. Every thing was propitious in furtherance of the meditated scheme: the spring was approaching, London filling, the country emptying, and the children could all go to school. A few weeks "in Town, just to see what was going on," would be fully worth the journey, especially as it

would afford an opportunity for them to commence an acquaintance with their magnificent relations. And as the boys were growing up, it might be serviceable to their interests to tighten the bonds of connexion a little, which had, from lapse of time, and want of intercourse, become somewhat loosened. There is an old saying—"where there is a will, there is always a way."—In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin, being bent on the measure, argued themselves into a belief of the projected visit being nothing short of an imperative moral duty.

When matters had gone thus far, a hint was dropped in the drawing-room, which immediately reached the "domestic department," and very soon spread through the village,—as the smallest stone falling into water creates successive circles around the spot where it fell, each increasing in circumference. Accordingly, the Flybekins were the centre of attraction on the following Sunday, after morning service. Hearty congratulations, and ardent wishes for a pleasant trip, with various commissions, pressed upon them. The newest fashions were promised to be brought down, and the village milliner looked forward to a glorious triumph over all her rivals in the trade about the country. The happy pair were on the pinnacle of provincial glory; *he* was expected to return with the true state of foreign affairs, and the nation, from the intercourse he would enjoy



Bent on a *measure* !



with the peer ; *she* was expected to import news of operas, plays, music, novels, writers, balls, routs, drawing-rooms and dresses, from her intercourse with the peeress.

In all the pleasure to which they looked *forward* there was but one *draw-back*, viz. a most extraordinary dread of *London fires* at night : and this originated in the frequent occurrence in their county paper of paragraphs headed “ *Another alarming conflagration ; many lives lost !* ” — put in either to aid the Insurance office, or fill the paper. As our rustic pair had never visited the metropolis, they did not know but Leadenhall Street and Hyde Park, Lambeth and Portland Place, might all be close neighbours ; therefore, however distant the different fires might be, they fancied they all occurred nearly in the same place ; and from the time Mr. and Mrs. Flybekins resolved to visit Town, scarcely a night passed in which they did not start in terror from their dreams, screaming “ Fire, Fire ! ”

All was hurry and preparation at ‘ the Lodge,’ until the anticipated arrival of the ‘ Barnstaple Sociable,’ one morning at the door summoned the ambitious pair, and on the *fourth* day of their departure from Devonshire, they were duly set down at the White Horse Cellar, for road-making had not then received the magic touch of Macadam. The

next day was occupied in searching for, and entering, suitable lodgings ; and the following day, having hired a carriage, which their unpractised eyes considered most elegant in style and equipment, they sallied forth, armed with a card-case, and a long list of commissions, the practised horses going at the full rate of six miles an hour.

A friendly and familiar visit over, to some Devonshire friends in Devonshire Place, they essayed next to discharge the now almost dreaded call of state ; for that which, contemplated at a distance, imparted joy and hope, when at hand, possessed something of awe mingled with these feelings. Arrived in Grosvenor-square, after sidling along the gutter close by the foot pavement, the distance of two or three houses, and with a little preliminary tug of the reins, the coachman drew up opposite the door of No. —. Two powdered lacqueys in rich livery were peering through the long narrow windows on each side of the door, and anticipated the intention of the diminutive, bandy footman, of knocking, (that is, if he could have reached the knocker.) To the question of ‘ Lord and Lady B. at home?’ a negative answer was delivered ; they were gone to the country, but were expected back to dinner. A card was then handed in, inscribed in the neatest spider-pattern handwriting of Mrs. Flybekin ; and they drove off to pursue the agreeable pastime of shopping and going

through part of the list of commissions, vivenda, and agenda, with which they were provided.

As the Flybekins drove along the streets, the words "PATENT FIRE-ESCAPES," in large letters, upon the front of a tall house, attracted their attention, and roused all their latent fears of London fires, with accounts of which the newspapers so frequently teemed. A fire-escape would impart security to sleep, and might be taken down into the country. Accordingly the check string was pulled, the manufactory entered, the machines inspected, an economical one selected by each: and in an hour after their arrival at home to dinner, the fire escapes were duly mounted in one of the front bed-room windows.

Their evening meal being finished at the barbarous hour of nine, the Flybekins began to yawn over the events of the past day, and the prospective engagements of the morrow. The excitements of the morning in the crowded London streets, had completely tired the rustic couple, who being susceptible of no farther excitement, sought repose at this early hour, and were both soon wrapt in deep sleep. Leaving them to enjoy their repose, we return to Grosvenor-square. The noble pair returned to a family dinner, and on entering the house, read, with strained eyeballs, the card deposited that morning by the Flybekins, and with some such an expression of countenance as one may be supposed

to assume in discovering something in a drawer more than was anticipated. "Umph!" said the peer, "the Flybekins in town! what could have brought them up so far from the country?" "Something that will not detain them long, I hope;" dryly answered Lady B. "Yet we *must* take some notice of these country cousins," said the peer: "Let us invite them to a family dinner." "Well, if we *must*," — said the Countess shrugging her shoulders — and with that the subject dropped for the time.

Now it is quite clear that however brilliant might have been the prospects of the Flybekins, the peer and his lady wished them any where but in London; and, rather than invite them to Grosvenor-square to dinner, the former would have been glad to be let off with a writership for one of the sons in India.

Their carriage was ordered at ten, to convey them to the Duchess of R.'s party, and Lord B. proposed to make a friendly call upon their relations before waiting on Her Grace. Accordingly thither they drove, accompanied by two footmen bearing blazing flambeaux, the custom of the great in those days, when the town was not so well lighted as in the present age. The signs of this custom are indeed still to be seen in the extinguishers attached to the railings in front of many houses, which served for the footmen to extinguish their lights.



Ancient family of high descent!

[Vide page 35.]

Meantime the Flybekins slept on, not dreaming of the honour intended them, and were as sound asleep as Duncan in Macbeth's castle, when a long thundering rap at the door startled them amid their slumbers. The diminutive bandy footman had gone home with the coachman and horses, the landlady and her family had followed the example of the lodgers ; and before any one could rise to unbar and open the door, to ascertain the cause of such an unusual alarm, a second louder and longer rap had been made upon it, and which awoke the sleepers to an instinctive idea that the house was on fire ; a notion confirmed by the strong glare of red light reflected against their windows, and illuminating the apartment, as the footmen impatiently shook thousands of sparks from the flambeaux.

As Bonaparte observed upon another occasion, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step." So it was with the Flybekins. From the most sublime repose they hurried into the ridiculous fire-escapes, in the full conviction that the lower part of the house was on fire ; and without waiting to dress, or inquire into the real state of affairs, they gave the signal-word 'Now !' and both descended in all the freshness of their fears to the pavement before the door !

The wondering lord and lady, and still more wondering footman, glared upon the apparition be-

fore them with the most inexplicable amazement, totally at a loss to conceive the cause of such a novel reception. The terrified pair were, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme," when they found themselves, instead of being in the confusion of a fire, deposited beneath the windows of a magnificent carriage, attended by footmen with white torches, and a full dressed lady and gentleman inquiring after them, and the meaning of the extraordinary descent. A few minutes served to explain the *mal à propos* mistake ; the detected pair sought refuge in the hall of the house, with some such feelings as our first parents experienced when they had tasted the fatal apple in the garden of Eden. The carriage rolled away with the tittering coachman and footmen, and the ill-suppressed mirth of their master and mistress, who quickly disseminated the story throughout the fashionable throng of the party whither they were bent, and which remained for the rest of the season a standing joke wherever Lord and Lady B. appeared.

Humbled and confused, the unhappy Flybekins could not retrieve the blunder they had committed, and prudently resigned all their ambitious schemes. So they returned to Devonshire with the unlucky fire-escapes, sincerely regretting they had ever been tempted to purchase them. But, although the disaster had got wind, and with various versions had

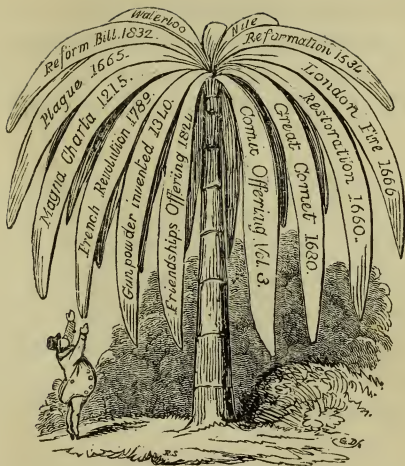
reached even into Devonshire, they were much consoled by the following narration of it which appeared in the county paper, in a light most favourable to their interests and reputation, although totally devoid of truth in almost every particular.

The *flaming* paragraph ran thus :—“ We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin of ——— in this county, while upon a visit to their noble relatives, Lord and Lady B. in London, narrowly escaped being burnt to death. The devouring element almost destroyed the lower part of the family mansion in Grosvenor square, over which the lady and gentleman slept, who had retired early to bed, and who by the accidental return of Lord and Lady B. from a party, were awakened only just in time to effect their retreat by means of a fire-escape, fortunately attached to their bed-room window. We are informed that the fire occurred in consequence of the footmen, appointed to sit up for their master and mistress, having fallen asleep, leaving a lighted candle in the room. Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin escaped, with the loss of all their clothes but what they hurried on in the confusion, and were conveyed to a neighbouring hotel by their noble relatives, where they received succour for the night.”—

But unhappily for the Flybekins, the naked truth at length forced its way into Devonshire, and the

true statement of the matter was circulated as above related, and now handed down to their posterity.

Thus the best version of their story only placed them, "out of the fire into the frying pan," and the unlucky fire-escapes merely saved them from the fear of being *badly burnt*, in order that they might all the rest of their lives be *well roasted*!



A Date Tree !

NEW OATHS FOR LOVERS.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

' But to your protestation ; let me hear
' What you profess."

Winter's Tale.

TO ANGELICA.

My dear ! the oaths are all so worn,
By which we lovers *used* to swear,
That now each pledge, as upward borne,
Jove scatters midway in the air :

Even laugh'd-at perjuries are stale,—
So oft have words and plights been broken,
And Constancy, become quite frail,
Her promise breaks as soon as spoken!

The reason's this; — we swear by things
So very little apt to change,
That their perpetual fixture brings
Quite a desire in us to range :
There's no *renewing* vows like these,
(Though the best vows need renovation !)
And we get weary by degrees,
Of the old, standing protestation !

If changeless things cause changeful oaths,
Love's logic — which is not a little —
Would save forswearing, which he loaths,
By choosing fleeting grounds, or brittle :
The vow might then be yearly made,
Or by the month, week, day, or hour,
According as the thing might fade, —
Thus, fairest ! let me try its power.

I LOVE THEE — and I swear to love
For ever ! — by the moon's first quarter :
By yon light cloud, the hill above,
And by the last new fashion's charter !

I swear by every snow-drop's leaf,
And by each shower that April freshens ;
And by an infant's depth of grief,
And by a maiden's first impressions !

Yes, I'll adore thee !—by those curls
(Entwin'd upon a humid day :)
And by the hurricane which hurls
The gnarled oaks, like straws, away :
And by the Nightingale's soft tune,
(When *will* it hence it's flight be bending ?)
And by the twenty first of June, —
The longest day must have an ending !

I swear it ! — by the satin slip,
In which you 'll dance (with me) to-morrow :
I swear it ! — by that pouting lip,
Which soon a smile from heaven will borrow :
I swear it ! — by the meteor's flame,
(How long has it to last been reckon'd ?)
I swear it ! — by thy maiden name ;
You know we 've “ fix'd it ” for the second !

I'll love thee ! — by the thawing snow,
Thou shalt not light my passion deem ;
I swear it ! — by the sunset glow,
And by the lightning's flashing beam :

I swear it ! — by the falling star,
And by a flirt's deep love — at sight !
And (what is longer-lasting far)
December's one-and-twentieth night !

I swear to love thee ! — by the trace
The tide-o'erwhelmed sands will bear ;
And by that silky fringe of lace,
Which flutters round thy bosom fair :
I swear it, by those braids — the loves !
In which, to keep them firm, you fix pins ;
And, oh ! I swear it, by the gloves
I bought last week for three and sixpence !

I swear to love thee ! — by the wind,
But not the " trade " — *that* blows for ever !
And that gauze sash so sweetly pinn'd,
How soon will it wear out, dear — never ?
In fine, I swear by all I know,
Which lasts not much beyond a minute,
On thee alone, dear, to bestow
My heart, and all the love that 's in it !

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

BY MISS MITFORD.

FAIR Janet sits beside her wheel ;
 No maiden better knew
 To pile upon the circling reel
 An even thread and true ;
 But since for Rob she 'gan to pine,
 She twists her flax in vain ;
 'Tis now too coarse, — and now too fine, —
 And now — 'tis snapt in twain !

Robin, a bachelor profest,
 At love and lovers laughs,
 And o'er the bowl with reckless jest,
 His pretty spinster quaffs ;
 Then, whilst all sobbing, Janet cries
 "She scorns the scornful swain !"

With angry haste her wheel she plies,
 And — snaps the thread again !



Judge of *Ass-eyes* ! (assize.)

A LADY'S HORSE.

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

“ WHAT animal appears to have the most unhappy lot ? ” — This question will produce a great variety of answers. Kind-hearted ancient spinsters will say “ A blind-man’s dog : ” — dwellers by the sea-side will exclaim “ A fish-woman’s starved donkey : ” — shrivelled, shivering, elderly gentlemen

from the East (sour, fiery, wrinkled, and yellow enough to be called '*Indian pickles*!'), will dilate on the woes of "dancing-monkeys in an English wet winter:" — the hapless fathers of large, healthy, growing families, will with a groan mention the sorrows of "a nursery kitten." — But who will join with *me* in deploring the lot of a lady's Pet Horse, — a creature formed to be patted with kid gloves, smoothed with scented handkerchiefs, protected with silken nets, guided by soft reins in little velvet hands?

I shall be laughed at — (which I do not mind "in a civil way," *car c'est mon metier*): my veracity will be doubted (horrible thought!) if I suggest that any thing short of perfect bliss is the fate of these highly-favored creatures; and I am therefore fortunate in being able to adduce the opinion of one of these animals respecting its own lot.

I had been employed in sketching one of those un-fair equestrians, those female '*horse breakers*,' we daily see in the Park: I concluded she was on horseback, because I saw an animal's head, a switch tail, and four shambling hoofs, appearing *occasionally* from beneath the ample brown habit of *broad* cloth, which incased my *Fatima*, (a sort of personification of *brown stout*, that might truly be said to have "a great body!") whose *globe*-like figure seemed suited for a *ball* room, or rather,

perhaps, to the *Circus*, where the women all ride round ! As I sketched, how I wished my *lines* had drawn her off the pony instead of drawing her on it ! and, I blush to say, with every *stroke* of my pencil I longed to — “ *hit her off !* ” Being an advocate for *fair representation*, I would have put her on large-sized elephant-paper ; while the pony, only just able to bear safely a *feline* load, was fit (as the Irish pronounce it) to “ *carry-cat-sure !* ” Of this I had an opportunity of judging, as I obtained a view of the creature, when some anomaly, paradox or miracle, made the *heavy* woman *a-light* ! She entered a house, and I talked to the pony :—that his *sayings* were *profitable* there’s no *gain-saying* ; and though a tendency to exaggeration made his smiles appear *horse-laughs*, yet he *whinnowed* forth many grains of sense while he *chafed* at his bit, notwithstanding that his owners forced him to keep frequently a *bridle on his tongue*.

The *panting* little creature (who, being *thin*, had of course lost his *breath*, and though not in ‘ *blooming* health,’ was quite *blown* !) thus commenced his story : —

“ I was born in the Isle of *Man*, from whence, I think, arises my dislike to *woman*. I do not mean to give you a history of my infancy, although it would fill a *Foal-io* volume : suffice it to say that I was the darling of my Mamma, who, like Bo-



Dandy Lion !

naparte's mother, I always called *Madame Mare*. Philosophers call youth the 'golden time,' and truly these were my *mettlesome* days : every one predicted, too, that I was born to grandeur, the vulgar-rich having only 'a silver-spoon in their mouths,' while *I* — had a star in my forehead !

"I passed my early happy days in daisied fields,—and amidst buttercups, never quarrelled with my bread and butter : I looked with pleasure at 'Venus's look-glass,' and fancied myself a beau among the 'dandy-lions,' though in a *barber-ous* manner I *cropped* them : to be sure I felt 'nettled' sometimes when I got among the 'docks ;' but my heart clove to the clover, except in winter, when I left my *wild oats*, to join Madame Mare's feast, who, being rather ancient, was one of the '*have beans* !'

"One sunny day, as we were out grazing, I saw two men collecting plants, and curiosity tempted me to be on the *watch*, though I ought rather to have been on my *guard* : I knew not they meant to change Goodman's-fields into Horsemonger Lane ! Suddenly they seized me by main force, proving they were gathering *simples*, and my only satisfaction was to give them a little 'coltsfoot' into the bargain.

" 'Fine *points*,' said one, pointing to my legs, which were truly 'knotty points.'

“ ‘Good *forehand*,’ added the other, though speaking of a *four-footed* creature. In short, my qualities were *discussed* until I was *disgusted*; and as the groom led me away, he said, whenever I had galloped round the fields, he saw that I was come from a *good race*, and that I should be *greatly mended* by his *breaking*.

“Daily was my heart wrung while I was kept in the ring: and they almost maddened me by their attempts to *pace-ify* me! At length, having tormented me sufficiently, I was sent to be sold, and obliged, like ‘Jenny’ in the old song,

“ to run
With *Jockey* to the fair!”—

A *horse-fair*, — what a misnomer! there is nothing *fair* where horses are sold, — like players of other deep games, the *dealers* delight in a *shuffle*: and so little difference exists in the sound of ‘*horse dealer*’ and ‘*horse stealer*,’ that the whole genus may be termed ‘Grooms of the *Stole*!’

“I was trotted up and down till I was fairly tired; and began to fancy that to *bid for* me was *forbidden*: at length we waylaid a *purchaser* in a *buy-way*, — a fat, timid, old London judge (whose *white* face was seldom seen ‘without the *pale* of the courts!’); and wishing to pass his *judgment* upon me, he *tried* me, with the ready consent of my owners, who were ‘on the civil side.’ The

poor old gentleman was not 'a judge of horse-flesh,' although a judge of *ass-eyes*, and agreed to give the price demanded by the jockeys, who were joined by two others, and thus, contrary to the law, the *four-men* charged the *judge* !

"Away I went with my new master, who, though born in the *cit-y*, could not well *sit* on a horse : wishing to shew him how well I was *brought up*, I gave him a specimen of my *high rearing*, and then standing on my *fore-legs* I kicked up a dust with two more, that sent the poor old judge to sit on 'neck or nothing ;' and, like a gambler who stakes all on a throw, it was with him 'equal *mane* and chance !'

"Alas ! no one had given him the *seasonable* advice that 'he who mounts in *spring* should dread the *fall* !' I was, as the school-boys say, 'fond of *shying*,' therefore I could not resist *throwing* my rider : he fell on a gentle slope, and though I believe his head *obtained damages* (on the part of the *crown* !) yet, as I scampered off, he seemed very well pleased with *sitting in Bank-o* !

"It is needless to give you a detailed account of my various vicissitudes : at one time I longed for the honors of the race, thus proving I was not Irish, as *I burned for the turf*, instead of the *turf burning for me* ! Well, I soon had an opportunity of gratifying this fancy, for I was taken to Epsom

aces, as a *matter of course*. We ought to have won, for my master was of the *better* sort, and I was well accustomed to *hedging* ; but after starting in good style from the post, I gave another *start* half-way in the course, bolted out and threw my rider, who, naturally enough, had his jaw *locked* by my *bolt* ! I looked round and perceived I was *too late for the post*, — as all the horses of *note* had closed on it (which sealed my fate), and a red one had borne off the *bell*, — while the air *rang* with the applause of *tongues* and *clappers* ! I did not chuse to stay at a *stand*, but I need not trouble you with a *running account*. My next owner had his thoughts always *a-spire-ing* to a *steeple-chase*, which is but a *vane* pursuit after all, and requires *towering* strength to stand one *in good stead*. I have heard of a *founder of good roads*, but these *bad roads* made *me founder*, and I was *thrown out* by a hedge as my master was *thrown in* to a ditch, where he imbibed a sufficiency of ‘*pond-erous moisture*’ to justify his friends in saying ‘*twas a heavy wetting*. They asked him, as I limped home, whether he had not *more* than he bargained for ? ‘*Yes,*’ said he, ‘*for my purchase was with saddle and bridle only, but here is a halter to boot !*’ As my false step had given him a *fever*, he looked *coldly* on me, and feeling disposed to dispose of me, I was sent to *a-sale*, and was soon *knocked down*.



A Trip to Mar-gate !

"Many were the jokes made on the horses' appearance: one youth said he had taken a great fancy to '*cross the Roan!*'"

" 'The Rhone,' said his friend contemptuously, looking at my poor knees, 'That wretch is *Leap-sick*, I think rather!'

" 'And *Hungary* into the bargain,' rejoined the other.

" 'How do you like that *Dun* yonder?' asked the first.

" 'Not at all, he does not look *creditable*,' answered his friend, 'and I would have nothing to say to him on *any account!*'"

" 'Why not?'

" 'Because I am already *booked* quite deep enough in the (St.) *Ledger!*'"

" 'There is a nice fellow to bear away the *Oaks*, because he has *a-corn!*'"

" 'Stuff, he looks much more suited to go in a steam-boat.'

" 'Why?'

" 'Because if you tried to make him clear a five-bar, I think he would very likely make a *trip* to *Mar-gate!*'"

" 'Well, take this pair of *black-legs.*'"

" 'Nay, that would be *hazardous*, my dear fellow, as their *main* object is a *throw*, and you might make a *die* of it into the bargain!'

“ Among all these horse-laughes I was glad to be led away, as I did not like their *de-riding* style : the ‘ groom in waiting ’ was an Irishman, so I was *Patted* all the way home, although I must own the *coup de ‘ patte ’* was sometimes rather severe ! On arriving at home I found, after all my sufferings, I was to expect a life of happiness : I was at length to be a lady’s horse ! In fact I would only suit a lady or a *methodist preacher*, being so ‘ done up ’ or ‘ broken down,’ that I was but just able for a *cant-er* !

“ Next morning I was *brought forth*, (I knew not what a hapless *berth* mine was !) and decked in a *net* and plenty of *trappings* to *catch* attention. As they tickled me I could not help thinking, with Mrs. Malaprop, that ‘ *caparisons* are odious ! ’ I soon found that, although no man can serve two masters, a horse is expected to serve half a dozen mistresses. There was my young lady, her mamma, and four sisters of the latter : and, although they affected to be related to the Walkers of Stepney, I think they were ‘ Yorkshire,’ as they daily had three ridings. Miss Maria, who you saw go into that house, fancies herself a woman of *ton*, but I know she is a woman of *two ton*, which I can’t bear : she may be said to give me her support, as she backs her favorite to such a heavy amount and so when I go out, beside my *cir-single*, I carry a Miss-double.



A Horse Breaker : — backing the favorite to a heavy
a-mount !

“ Her mother is a very little woman, and, thinking herself too light a load, she absolutely takes another woman behind her, forcing me thus to suffer the punishment of bigamy, in being *saddled with two wives*, aye, and *pommelled* also ! But my horrors are her sisters, those ‘ old *in-habit-aunts* ! I always hated the blues, and particularly now that I am deprived of the *graze*. These women are very clever, and so they want to teach *me to draw* ; but this is not easily *accomplished*, for when they put me in their easy chair (or ease-all I suppose), I *brushed* off, with a *long rein* and a merry one, leaving them (like a rainy season) with their *Springs* entirely *broken-up* ! After this, they said I was too much fed ; so I was kept half-starved, with a great *bit* in my mouth all day, and I am more led to the *rack* than the *manger*, I assure you. I get a wretched allowance in my stall, but am any thing but stall-fed : for though Pat puts a little hay in the crib, he cribs the whole of my corn. What should be *mete* for me, is *drink* for him, (he would have made an excellent conspirator in the ‘ plot of *Oates*.’) Hence, though my skin is full of *sharp angles*, I am but little of a *corn-er* ! My mistress does not starve *herself*, though she loves *fast-riding* : we often go to a pastry-cook’s (I being spotted she even *rides* upon a *pie* !) ; and, after taking ices and creams, she only lets me taste a *whip*, which she

gives me until I am almost a jelly. Off she *flies*, and *guds* about ; so I am tormented in all seasons by *gad-flies* : and so little does she reflect on time, that she seems to think every year is a *leap-year* !

“ Though I am kept in attendance at the door for an hour before she is ready, the time is sure to come when I find her *weight* upon me ! When she mounts, I am forced to *canter on*, but my great desire is to *cant her off* ! I used to pity Atlas with the world on his shoulders ; but I find I am forced to carry several *hat-lasses* on mine ! and though I am willing to acknowledge the benefit of a *load-stone*, I cannot equally praise a *load of ten stone* !

“ When I am brought to the door I am a *led* horse ; I only wish they could make me an *iron* horse instead ! but there is nothing of *cast iron* in my frame, though I often *cast a shoe* ! This renders me lame, and I *halt* on *one* foot ; yet they seldom let me *halt* on *four*. I hear the grooms mention *off* legs, but I cannot fancy what they mean, as I am always *on* mine !

“ Though our family seem very partial to Mount Street and Rider's Court, they scarcely ever take me to Hay Hill : as for amusements, I seldom go to the Haymarket ; and though I have heard people talk of *Sadler's Wells*, my ill-fitting equipments have only made me acquainted with *Saddler's Ills* !

“ In the morning I am sent to town as a *post-*

horse to bring home the letters ; the boy spurs me for what he terms a 'lark,' but it is no *larkspur* to me : and as he exclaims elegantly 'come up !' I am more likely to 'come *down* !' On my return, if I look *emaciated* I get a *mash* ; and in order to make me look *neat* for my ladies, they put plenty of *litter* about me."

I interrupted the creature here to inquire if there were not a great deal of felicity in carrying his load all on one side, with a painful saddle ;—in being smothered in summer with a heavy habit ;—in keeping up constantly a fatiguing canter ;—in being suddenly curbed so as to plunge at a becoming moment ;—in being forced to pick a quarrel with his old companion "Papa's horse," so as to make room for a lancer ;—in receiving the whip whenever his lady had no repartee ready for her cavalier ;—in being thought superior to feeling hunger, thirst, heat, cold, sickness or fatigue :—and to all these suggestions, respecting the *happiness* of a "Lady's horse," this animal most ungratefully and laconically answered — "NEIGH !"

LINES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

*Written on seeing a Band of Eleven Monkies and a
Leader, carved in wood, playing on various Mu-
sical Instruments.*

"Blow high, blow low!" ---
"Poor Pug was in a *Scrape!*"

CAN monkies play? — Let those who doubt it go,
Having twelve pence to spend, unto the Zo —
— Ological; where all may see 'em swing,
And play — like Paganini — on a single-string!
Mori, tho' *more he* strives, will never play
Like these gay creatures on a summer's day!
And as for *execution* — bless my stars!
I've seen those monkies *shake thro'* twenty bars!

What beaux I've marked who play'd the monkey—so
Why not the monkey play as 'good a bow?' —
And he who leads doth credit to his feeder,
A Jove might fall in love with such a — *leader!*
Phrenologists, who've felt the Monkey's pate,
That they have *many organs* clearly state:
And Pug '*in Wood*' may make a grand display,
Because in *ev'ry branch* he's *learnt to play!*

THE SEA.

BY GILBERT ABBOTT A' BECKETT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE COMIC MAGAZINE.

LET poets praise the beauty of the sea

When *night* puts on her blackest suit of *mourning*,
But day on land has brighter charms for me,
When the sun's *dawn* the landscape is *adorning*.

When the ship's side the swelling water laves

'Tis true a radiance round the stern it whirls,
But what's the grace of Neptune's *curling waves*,
Compared with that of beauty's *waiving curls*?

I find no pleasure in the ocean's roar,

When on the beach or cliff I sit or stand ;
There is to me, in walking on *the shore*,
Less pleasure than in walking down *the Strand* !

The barren sea ! alas ! I nothing know,
Which in its praise I can with candour speak,
In it an *onion* even will not grow,
Though vessels on it, often *spring a leak*.

“ A sailor (Dibdin says) each inch should feel
Part of his ship :” to this I can accord,
And since they are on ocean a great *deal*,
Infir from this, they love to be *a-board*.

But ask *me* not to take a little trip,
For one excursion was enough for me,
I went intending but to *see a ship*,
When the vile boat which bore me *shipp'd a sea* !

To winds and waters both I bid farewell ;
Adieu to father Neptune's *swelling* face,
For I can see at any time a *swell*
Of the *first water* in a safer place.

Deem me not too presumptuous, that I dare
Of ocean's charms to give a slight dissection,
For *water* was, by nature, I declare,
Meant for a thing on which to make reflection !

WHAT IS WIT ?

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT-AT-LAW.

WHAT is wit ?

Wit is a two edged sword,—sharp and polished—and of course of a good *temper*. It is not every *blade* that's a wit—for many even lack a *point*, who in their own opinion are particularly sharp !

Perhaps, too, as it exalts a man, it may be called a *raiser* (razor), and requires a skilful hand in the handling ; for to cut one's own fingers would be folly—in the *extreme* ; and to wound others who are unskilled in the weapon, or unarmed, would render one's conduct (like the wounded) *defenceless*.

I despise the man who delights to cut his jokes, and pass his jibes upon the opaque skull of another. For he is truly a poor sportsman who wastes his powder and shot on carrion, or kills what he cannot eat !

A pun is merely the feathered shuttlecock of a true wit, struck to and fro by the battledores of Fun and Good-humour, while genuine Mirth and sprightly Laughter, in applauding, cry, "Keep it up !"

Some would-be wits, mere unfledged witlings—imagine that they shew their sense by having *all the "talk"* to themselves ; this is by no means *sound-sense* —notwithstand the *noise*. Such youths might be invaluable to an attorney, as "*engrossing clerks* ;" although perhaps their skill therein would be shown more in *words* than *deeds* !

O ! their eternal gabble ! Shallow streams running over a pebbly-bed !—How such a *noise annoys* me ! —

What is wit ? —

The essence of good-sense, distilled by the fire of true genius ;—and the test is, that, like a reverend Doctor of Divinity, it will bear — *translation* !

[The following charade, given to me by a friend, seems so appropriate, when joined to Mr. Willis's definition of wit, that I have taken the liberty of adding it to the foregoing paper.—L. H. S.]

CHARADE.

"Oh ! say, *what is wit* ? and express, *in one line*,
What philosophers covet, but cannot define : —



Just *set up* in business !

'Tis a *Letter in study*, — a letter *in motion*, —
A letter *in flames* will illustrate my notion ; —
'Tis also a letter that *pours thro' the choir*,
In cadence, the hymns our devotions inspire !

ANSWER.

When wit with good-nature is strictly combin'd,
What charms it conveys to the elegant mind ! —
And thus *in one line* (without soaring or ranting),
'Tis *A musing*, — *B coming*, — *D lighting* — *N chanting* !

LINES LAUDATORY ON LOONEY !

A Favourite Feline Friend.

I'LL sing — (tho' they say that my voice hath
strange flaws !)

The praise of my Looney, with coat sleek and
jet : —

The rats and the mice from her paws have no pause ;
They've no peace, and no piece can they steal
for my pet !

The bread and the cheese in the safe remain safe ;
(Looney sees, and can seize, in the dark as by
day,)

And so docile, that nothing her temper can chafe ;—
And tho' sometimes she 'swears'—the mice know
she can *prey*.

Tho' they whine, by no *whine* is my cat to be fee'd,
 (Like a bibber for drink who will honour re-
 nounce ;)

But like a dull clerk, when engrossing a deed,
 She *spoils* all the mice with her — scratches and
 pounce !

Her brothers and sisters were grey one and all ;
 But she being dark — I snatch'd her from the —
pail !

How she grew ! — Like a miss she was fond of a —
ball, —
 Like Glengarry, the Scot, she was proud of her—
tail.

One day in her gambols (a kitten ne'er reasons)
 She fell in a ditch, springing over a wall ; —
 Since that time, tho' a cat hath no notion of seasons,
 My Looney remembers — the *spring* and the *fall !*

But years have elapsed since she lapp'd in my lap :
 Old, steady and sober, my Looney hath grown ;
 I fear soon that death with his dart (dread mishap !)
 Will strike at my Looney, and — leave me alone !

THE SIGHS AND LAMENTATIONS
OF
PATRICK O'DERMODY.

OF BALLYNAKILLY, COUNTY KILL-DARE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

Och ! hone ! it's *meself* that's unhappy and lost !

My head's in a mist ;

To that Sergeant wid blarney, who first my hand
cross'd —

O ! why did I '*list* ?

It's a *lobster* I am !—and already for war,

And stiffer than starch !

I 'm as red as a rose—but whoever saw

Gay roses—*in march* ?

O ! I 'm sad and I 'm lone, like a toad in a hole,

Wid stones for a bed !

For a soldier I find, when they call the long '*roll*,'

That *I* am not *bred* !



A Granny-dear !

Altho' I don't fancy my *rij'ment*, they say
That nothing is finer ;
The sergeant is blustering, fierce, ould, and gray —
The major's a *minor* !

The captain's an ill-favored mortal to look at,
Though 'dizened in lace :
But I cannot describe him — it is n't in Pat,
To “ *write about face* !”

When my mouth is wide open, and cravin' for meat,
Or something to fill it,
Says the sergeant, “ Here Paddy, I 'll give you a
treat,”
And gives me — a *billet* !

Though I do all my best — and I cannot do more,
I never can please ;
How can they, when I am with travelling sore,
E'er make *me* — ‘ stand at ease !’

Och ! sure, and it's *thru*e that the poltroons do *mane*
Poor Paddy to kill :
For early and late, I 'm turned out on the *plain*,
And — *bored with a drill* !

FAIR WARNING.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Tush ! never tell me. I take it much unkindly.---Shakspeare.

I HAVE done my worst, verbally and by letter, to check it, — but there *are* persons who believe whatever they see in print, if nothing else : my last hope, therefore, lies in this public appeal ; if that should fail me, I am lost indeed.

Malgré moi I am every body's confidante ; and, reluctant as I feel at being forced into any *candidly* selfish or unamiable action, business must be minded, and the main chance will stand none, unless I forcibly dam out the tide of frothy gossip which daily pours in, threatening to o'erwhelm me ; while the nymphs who empty their urns into mine ears, smile as if they thought such tributes essential to my existence. Oh, unprovoked and supererogatory persecution ! Did I look either cu-

rious or communicative, willing to advise, or able to sympathize ; did I once promise silence even, I might forgive them : but I flatter myself, that a less earnest, less frank, less sensitive visage, could not be found, than my own. 'Tis that of a female Wilkinson, a very mile-stone — pale, cold, hard, immovable ; with but one brief, unvarying, now scarce legible information, graven in wrinkles on it. “ *So far from —* ” no matter who, nor what.

Oh, that Nature had written more plainly on my forehead “ No trust ! ” Neither adhesiveness nor conscientiousness are among my prominent bumps ; and yet I endure as many developements as if I possessed all the organs fit to be played upon.

In my infancy I was secret-crammed, to grow no fatter ; doomed to a perpetual cold in the head, by inundations of nurse-maid love-tears, unholy water ! which baptised me their lachrymatory — their only white pocket-handkerchief. At school, what a cruel saint was Valentine ! He brought me no letters ; but all the guesses about all the billets delivered on that day, to my playmates, were privately obtruded on me.

In youth, the stream, mute till I approached, began to babble : the pug puppy I purchased, for the prettiness of his curling termination, learnt, in my presence, to unfold his tail. Since then, to how

many contrasted Ladies Randolph have I enacted Anna, at a short notice. Now that I never stir from home, why should they take me for a walking gentlewoman? Did I ever appear in white linen, like Sheridan's Nora? I had better have kept on going into society. I could hardly have been thus used at a quadrille ball; or, at worst, might have come off with the slight wound of an episode, aimed at me over the ice.

Defend me from my friends! They know that I seek to live by recording what I've seen; they sin with the fear of an article before their eyes; and yet, men and women, old, young, married, single, rich, poor, plain, pretty, clever or fools, all are at me: making my sanctorum their confessional, without allowing me to prescribe their penances, or to light my saint one taper at their expense. I begin to dread the sight of human lips; nay, I'm convinced that a rigid Trappist would break his vow for my edification; and that, did I retire to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, its inmates would *sign* my death warrant, and let their autobiographies ooze out at their fingers' ends!

My earliest tête à tête with a new acquaintance no sooner commences, than, as the superstitious say, "I feel a foreboding that I am about to hear something unpleasant." Why am I made the repertory of anecdotes relating to people I never saw

nor heard of before ?—dilemmas in which I can't be of the least service ?—habits the most uncongenial with my own ? Lives of such varied orders have been thrust upon me, that I wonder I'm not felonized into a cat-o'-nine tails ;—from “ Born of poor but honest parents ” —up to “ Nursed in the lap of luxury !”

“ You remember I mentioned to you ?” says one significantly. I bow to hide my blush, at having forgotten the parentage of some man unknown to fame, or the family squabbles of some woman cursed by inglorious notoriety.

Chance fellow-passengers, by sea and land, editors calling for manuscripts, alike have entered with me on their “ course of true love,” attempted suicides, prevented duels, recent dreams, favorite dishes, with the sicknesses of their children, and the law-suits of their uncles, by way of parenthesis. Nay, I vow, that one dear lady I had never met, replied to my first short, business-like note, by divulging — ay, even to the christian name of her cat.

After my brother had given warning at our last lodging, the landlord, a small breed of tailor, waited till I was left alone, and then entered, begging to speak with me. In vain I kept my pen in hand, never asking him to sit down : he gave me — as if that had aught to do with our intended removal, a

full account of his destiny, with finished descriptions of "his wife and wife's mother." I can't say "he *ran* it o'er," for he was "melancholy slow;" would he had been "remote, unfriended," too! but, from his 'prentice days up to the minute when I did *not* bid him tell it, he raved without measure; far from its proving but the ninth part of a story, I found it worthy of a three-tailed bashaw; and sat beneath it, looking as hot and heavy as the narrator's own goose.

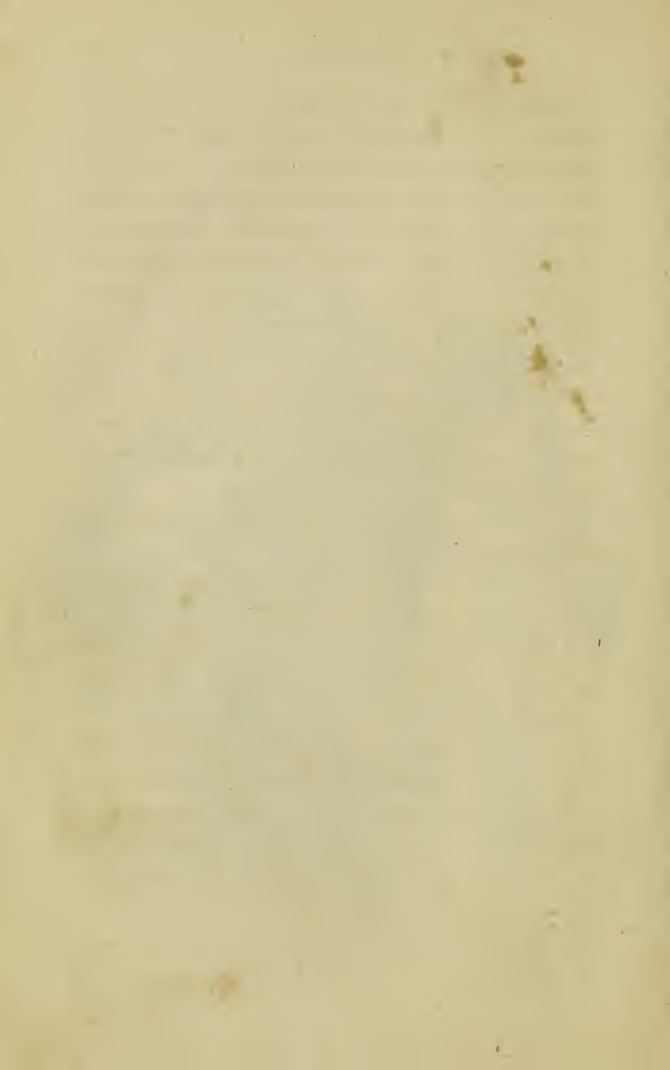
The very men I've — liked, have chosen me as *their sister*, for the same purpose; and, as for fine girls, they voluntarily boast their most disgraceful conquests, as if sufficiently enviable to torture poor me! By my taste and discretion the egotists are defeated tho'.

Miss F. past her youth in the court of George III. and (bless her, she meant so well!) strove to initiate me into all its etiquettes and intrigues, — political, I mean, of which I could make neither head nor tail.

Miss P. was early in life kidnapped, by smugglers or gipsies, and afterwards rescued, as if but to select me as the being most capable of appreciating the hardships and odd shifts of her former connexions. These two eventful careers have got so tangled in my brain, that presentation and transportation, long lords and short commons, seem to be much the same things.



Cultivating an acquaintance !



How stuffed and headacheey did Mr. R. find me, when he came in, fresh from the presence of my last night's hostess, who, he told me, said that she had never been introduced to any one with whom she felt so inclined to be trustingly intimate. "Come," he added, "confess! was it not like the beginning of an old novel, 'Chapter the 1st, in which Mistress B. relates her history?'"

"Good heavens!" I groaned, "if she serves every body so, she might surely dispense with me. I'm not content to share her sentiments with her maid — if not, why make an exception to her usual reserve in my case?"

"Don't we all? nobody minds you — you're so good-natured."

"And is this the price I must pay for the reputation of humility and temper?"

"She is quite as puzzled as pleased with you, knows you must have had adventures, yet could not elicit one satisfactory word."

"I strove not to pique her inquisitiveness. My feelings are tongueless slaves, and I their mistress. I am as little mysterious as 'the weary knife-grinder.' Every one is welcome to guess what I do, and why; so I am not troubled for explanations: a general idea of honest people's proceedings, their fellows in honesty may form by intuition. To a certain extent — if I could serve any body by

it, or was directly questioned — I might speak the truth — I speak nothing else — but I'd rather say nothing at all. If to one being on earth I owe faith and candour — if I am accountable to him for my actions — I'm not obliged to pester even him with my thoughts, ' *L'art d'ennuyer est de tout dire.*' ”

If any living creature be *too dear* to me now, and wishes to be less so, let him give me his memoirs at one sitting. I never visit Drury Lane for fear of hearing *William Tell*. I seldom go to *the* theatre, because if there be a narrative to relate, it is the dirge of amusement for me, — the very actors look as if they told the Bell.

“ Begone, I'll hear no more ! ” begins my fellow-sufferer, Priuli. Jaffier swears by *his own* sufferings that he *shall* ; yes *all*, and then he'll leave him. A retribution sufficing the cruelty of the flintiest father on record. That is a tragic threat to weep and tremble at !

My books, my songs, my very pictures — “ I absolve them or discard them by this test.” Ah ! dared I say how much I lost by the only untiring unvanity-tainted disclosures ever made to me, 'twould be owned that I have some right to stop each associate's mouth with, “ Thou hast no story — or if thou hast — why is it *told to me* ? ”

“THE RULE OF THREE IN-VERSE.”

BY J. B. ESQ. AND LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

I.

A WELL-FED pedagogue there was
 Who once had been at college,
 But who now guided youth along
 The “Flowery path of knowledge;”
 And might to wealth and competence
 Have gone *a-long* the road,
 But like Brougham’s modern schoolmaster,
 Our master was “*a-broad*.”

II.

The real *tree* of knowledge he
 Decided was a *birch*,
 In spite of all the *pew-or-aisle*
Divisions of the church;
 And daily he distributed
 Its fruit amongst his boys,
 Till you might see, the grief of all
 The *pupils* in their eyes!

III.

From Ovid's Metamorphoses
He made his scholars quote,
And what he *wrote* for them to learn
He made them *learn* by *rote* ;
And to preserve their *classical*
Ideas, bright and vivid,
He kept them reading Livy, till
Each countenance was *Livid* !

IV.

Upon the hand to strike them with
A ruler was his fashion,
And all his scholars learned at last
To fear his *ruling* passion !
So much indeed, that of his wrath
They always were complaining,
They said he was a *Hittite*, and
His school the land of *Canaan* !

V.

To teach geography he plied
His cane and rule like flails,
Until each back exhibited
A perfect chart of *Wales* !
He found them too of wondrous use
In teaching punctuation,
Because they drew from every boy
A *note* of *exclamation* !



Long and Short Division !

VI.

On writing days their *desks* and *pens*
They'd quit were he called out :
Thus if they were no *place-men*, they
Were *pen-shunners* no doubt !
And if in *spelling*-lessons they
Were e'er deficient found,
Magician-like, he *tied* them to
Their seats, as 'twere *spell-bound* !

VII.

They always kept their *lips* fast closed
Whilst he was within reach,
Preserving a *conjunction* thus
Between these *parts* of *speech* !
For if he heard a single word
He was so irritable,
That the delinquent he would *Cain*
As long as he was *Abel* !

VIII.

A timid wag, all trembling, once
Said " Master, if you please,
Shall we e'er *men of letters* be
Who ne'er are *at our E's* ?"
" I'll put you farther on, Sir Wit,"
Said master with a frown ;
" Take that, and mind your *P's* and *Q's* !"
And so he knocked him down !

IX.

But as his scholars from the world
This cruel treatment hid not,
He found that though they *multiplied*,
The number of them did not !
And though he went on *keeping* school,
His school would not *keep* him,
He ran in debt, and in one day
There stalked two bailiffs grim ;

X

He had *writ* many *copies* at
The desk where he did sit,
But made a *full stop* when he saw
The *copy* of a *writ* !
They took him off, and many a year
In prison did he dwell,
Just like some ancient hermit in
A solitary cell.

XI.

When he at length returned to school
How *form-all* its appearance !
'Twas but a thing of *empty form*,
So great had been the clearance !
He felt himself a *cypher* where
Arithmetic he'd taught :
“ *Boys' lessons*” had so *lessened* boys,
His *goods* were brought to *nought* !

XII.

So now *two* partners he has joined
More gentle in their actions,
("Division of money" oft they try
To guard against in-fractions!)
To *sum up* all, he now has *proof*
That parents, when they see
Boys *multiply*, will *add* their sons
Under this "*Rule of Three!*"

TO MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

MY *heart* is gone, and I've no *art* to tell —
 And shall but ill express what I can feel so well :
 But that I love thee, Mary, is as true
 As I have lost *one* heart — and won thee *too*.
 I fain would sing what I can never feign ;
 (To be a gay deceiver I'm too *plain*)
 But fear I some *false* note — whate'er my fire —
 Would make me seem, in truth — the Muse's *Liar* !
 Besides, beside myself I first must be,
 Ere I can praise in artful poesy,
 One whom plain reason guides in her converse,
 Who would not give a smile, for rhyme *per-verse* !

Then in three simple words, I'll simply say,
 " I love thee !" — aye, and will 'till '*settling* day ;'

For Time shall work no change in me — unless
Time *dwindles* thee — why then I'll love thee — *less*.
— In point of *beauty*, tho' we disagree,
I trust this will our only *diff'rence* be.
And this may be averted, while I live,
If thou wilt please *thy countenance* to give
To him, who wanting thy fair favor, will
Be in such need that needs must quickly kill.

— But stay my pen ! — perchance thou may'st
esteem
As *sweet* profession, this my *candid* theme ;
A final word or two I'll just indite,
Which right well fit what I'm well pleased to write.

When Cavil waited on the widow Bland,
With letter and with *settlement* in hand —
She read Sir Solo's nonsense — and she sigh'd :
Then sweetly said, just laying it aside,
(The world's experience such precaution breeds)
“ His *words* are fine—now let me see—the *Deeds* !”

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

BY GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT, ESQ.

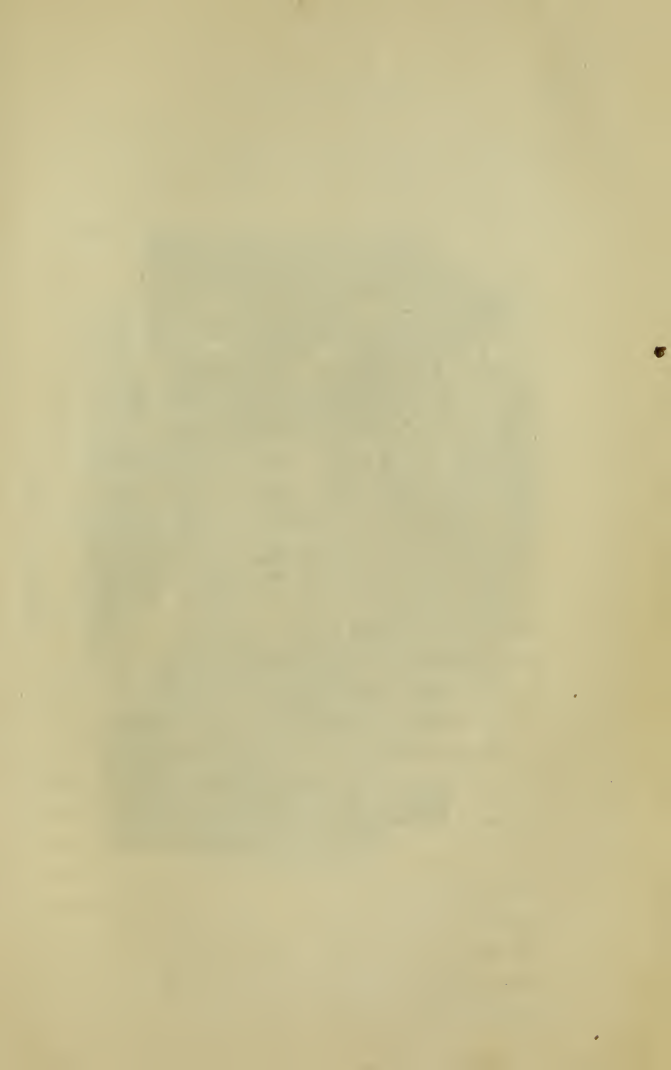
EDITOR OF THE COMIC MAGAZINE.

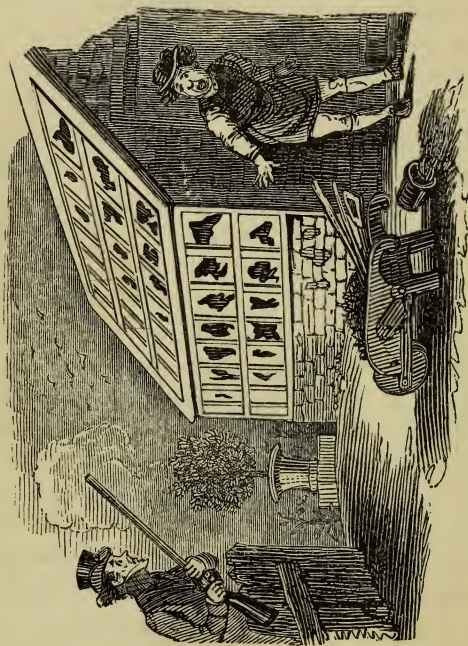
Paris, June, 1832.

DEAREST SMITH ;

You know I *moved* away from England on account of my horror at the principles of *low commotion*, and you are aware I took alarm at *the run upon the Bank*, which I thought would bring every thing to a *stand still*.

I have however, in going over to Paris, only altered my situation for the worse. The people and the government are *at issue*, though what the *issue* will be no one can anticipate. The soldiers have been set at the people, and the authorities have been set at nought ! the city is under Marshal Law, who seems to be very unpopular : he was proclaimed yesterday, but by what title I have not been able to discover.





Shooting Panes !

The people are preparing to fight ; the little children even *are in arms* ; women disguise themselves as men, walking about openly in *coats of male*, and wrapped in *great coats* instead of petticoats. The troops of the *line* have the advantage over the people, who cannot get themselves into a regular *row*, and they are *even* put to great *straights* to keep their ranks from becoming *crooked*. The captain of the National guard has been at all *the engagements*, and though he had only *a small party himself*, was always to be found where *the balls* were most numerous. He has at last received a wound in his back, and they have just issued a *bullet-in*, by which we are told that to get the *bullet out* will be impossible.

Many violent persons have been *taken up* that they may be *put down*, and though the operatives are at length quiet, the shopkeepers begin to shew symptoms of discontent, so that a *counter* revolution is expected.

Every thing must go backward while all this is going forward ; the Minister is dejected and *sits sullenly at home*, from which it is naturally inferred that he will *go out immediately*.

How all this will end no one can *divine*, except of course the *Divinity*. Soldiers are now *pacing* the streets, so that the whole city may in time be *pacified* ; though I still hear *firing* in the air, and am alarmed to think of *the upshot*. One of the

military is now standing his trial for high treason, but though it is allowed he did not *acquit* himself altogether properly, he will not be found guilty.

A butcher is also to be brought up to-morrow, charged with an attempt to establish a common-weal; he is a blood-thirsty wretch, for whom the *block* has no terrors!

The various trades are much influenced by party feelings, as is *customary* with them: the *perruquiers*, or whig-party, are in favour of republics, as they dislike to see the government *reduced* to one *head*: although the advocates for the guillotin think this very desirable. The *Poissardes* are the *sole* class disposed for peace, being tired of *fishing* in troubled waters: the *restoration* of Charles is much desired by the *restaurateurs*; and the *Traiteurs* are all extremely *loyal*. However I must not talk politics: so adieu.

Ever yours,

JOHN GUBBINS.

P.S. Louis Philippe must be in a bad way, if what I hear be true, that one of his daughters is gone into the *United States* with the king of Belgium. Surely she ought to have been too *high* for the *Low Countries*: and I suppose she must be very *rich*, for we have long heard her father's fortune mentioned as the '*Orleans plum*:' this will be very useful in war with the *orange* party. Politics again! 'tis a *fruitful* theme.

TO MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

THEE, George, whom living *numbers* laughing praise,
 Have I in merry *numbers* too the will
 To laud, altho' I fear my truant lays
 To touch an artist's *palate* have no skill !

Neither my *laud*, nor any *lord* on earth
 By love or *hire* now can raise thee *higher* ;
 To reach thy *tow'ring* height of wit and mirth,
 In vain rush lesser artists to *a-spire* !

How blest art thou, and we, in thy condition !
 It is not often fate so well assigns ;—
 Thou wouldst have made a sorry *politician*,
 For even children—*laugh at thy designs* !

'Tis strange, altho' thy skilful pencil shews
Thee, George, most in the *Comic* Muse's favor,
That all the pleasantry from thence which flows
Proves thou canst handle with best skill — *the*
graver !

Artists are all proverbially idle :
They rise — but seldom climb in any clime ;
While all declare (and here well may'st thou bridle)
No one has made a better use of “ *Time.*”*

So careless of their works there are but few
Who have been only half as much admired ;
Take heed : — for when Time *takes thee off* — tis true !
Good *proofs* of all thy *works* will be required !

* Cruikshanks' Illustrations of “ *Time.*”

THE HOLIDAY TRIP.

THEY 'd met but once, but youth's not steel,
 And young were Nol and Poll, who stammered
 Too much at parting, not to feel
 Once was enough to be enamoured.

Yes, at first sight they loved, you 'll say
 " *Witless* to love so soon and deeply,"
 Yet not a *whit less dear* were they
 For winning thus each other *cheaply* !

But who is Nol ? — head waiter at
 " The Bull and Mouth," — no easy station ;
 Yet ne'er was Irishman more *pat*
 Than he was at his occupation.

And pretty Mary, what is she,
Her pale of life for such a lover?
Go to "the Civet Cat," and see,—
Her *pail* you 'll by her *mop* discover.

Nol, pumped and silked, with well curled head,
From box to box at eve was scouring,
Or stationed, whilst "*the Traveller*" fed,
A column of "*the Globe*" devouring!

Turn to poor Polly — woeful change!
Pumpless, but, at the pump was Mary,
Her brightest view the kitchen range,
Her farthest range the kitchen area.

And yet, as Nol jocosely said,
Why should he get into the vapours?
For when the paper 's in his head,
She often has her *head in papers*

To take a holiday, with both
Had been some time in contemplation,
But Nol, just now, was rather loth
To quit, for her's, his *Inn-vocation*



Inn-attention, or the "Globe" and Traveller !



“ Your *Inn-vocation*,” anger-full
Said Pol, “ excuse *I*’d scorn to mention ;
Think of the Civet, not the Bull,
That were a glorious *Inn-attention*.”

Arrayed at length they met to make
Their promised holiday and high-day,
A water trip resolved to take —
Chiefly because both looked so *tidy*.

But how to go ? a sudden squall
On Father Thames might sink a funny,
Though now ’twas quite absurd to call
Thames ‘ *Father*,’ for he looked so *sunny*.

A funny then they took at last,
And with two sculls for Richmond started,
But running ’gainst a barge too fast,
Alas ! one scull in two was parted.

Pol, who beheld the relics float,
To seize them made a sudden stir,
In which she so *untrimmed* the boat,
That Nolly fell to *trimming* her :

Which wounded Poll so deeply, that
She swoon'd, and in the *waves* her head
Sunk deep ; and thus she "*waved her hat,*"
Which Noll had *trimmed* too, green and red !

Oh horror ! tho' the scull was saved,
Lost were the senses of his Polly ;
Whilst he himself with madness raved,
Betwixt his cruelty and folly.

But soft, it rains, divine jet d'eau !
For Pol revives beneath the shower,
Sighing to Nol, " I see that tho'
No rower, you can be a *rower* !"

Now stop we here : Nol, cross no more,
Smiled at this *funny* taunt from Mary,
And penitently rowed to shore,
Just by the *Penitentiary*.

Thus ended their *aquatic trip*,
And of them since, I can't help noting,
That though they still pursue *courtship*,
They take care to be ne'er *caught boating* !

DRESSING UP A THOUGHT.

A Court Sketch.

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

IN the present days of universal representation,—parliamentary, theatrical, literary, and graphic,—it seems rather hard that while vivid descriptions are given of the dresses worn at *Drawing* rooms, no one takes the trouble of describing those of *writing* rooms: long details are given respecting the court of St. James's, but who ever mentions the court of St. Paul's?—hundreds of periodicals blazon forth the glories that surround the throne of Great Britain, but not even “*The Parrot*” will talk of the stars round the throne of A-poll-o!

Ours then be the pleasing task of bringing forward modest elegance, in the form of one fair votary, the Honourable Miss Bab Blue, who was presented at Court (*Stationers'*) on the 1st of April, by the Countess of Abooker,—by whom she was brought

out,—and her first appearance was in a *novel* style, of which (had we room) we would give a *voluminous* description.

The Countess of Abooker went in her elegant and airy litter,—in high litter-airy state,—attended by several *pages* (who at first looked rather *blank*, until others in black-and-white *releaved* them); in front was one of noble birth, a *Title* page,—and they guided her showy set of *bays* (which she had purchased very *cheap*—authors loving “to *drive* bargains!”) She was preceded by several led horses, or “leading articles;” and in short the whole cavalcade merits a *long ode* in its praise, as many a less brilliant equipage has gone to court,—for which the owner hath all *along owed*:—aye, and made people *put it in their books* also!

But to return to the dress of the novel presentee, whom we have great pleasure in announcing as one of our comic contributors this year:—

THE HONOURABLE MISS B. BLUE

Wore a Novel material of *printed stuff*, profusely set off with *puffs* in every direction, which were introduced in quite a *news-style*. A scanty *train* (*of ideas*) very much *worked*, drawn and turned in a variety of ways, and garnished as much as possible by *cut quills*!

A body of *small Pensées*, very slightly ornamented



A Litter-airy man!

with *brilliant-points*, but fitting her well, being straight-laced :—the back all gold, thus setting off her *very simple* style. The sleeves, (headed by page ornaments,) made large enough to laugh in, à la *Grin-on* (or Grignan) festooned into a *hearty* shape !

A *slip* of “best yellow satin wove” (paper) under a *petticoat* of *petty-quotations*,—newly *turned*,—and worked up to correspond with the rest, in embroidery of black-and-white, mixed with *gold*, and a *little red* ! The whole was made very full of *plates*,—the *waste* large,—and besides being *cut* most *critically*, it had a *most complete trimming* on every point !

Earrings of “pearly drops” which had a *dew* effect : head-dress a tie-hair-ah and band-oh set in diamond type : *hair* in a *Hindoo bow*, or the *Bramah lock* style !

A plume of full, *flowing black* feathers à l’ *Ink-us* (or Incas) surmounted by an aigrette of quills of the black swan (the wearer being “a *writer* to the *Cygnets* !); the whole confined by a valuable and very rare *comb* made from the bones of a *tortoiseshell-cat*, and inlaid in the *cat-a-comb* pattern.

A “*Seigné*” ornament in the shape of a *long letter*, and an “Anna Seward” (or ‘long string of stuff’) to *correspond* with the *Seigné* ! Two small lap-pets of the “King Charles” or “Blenheim”

class, secured by long blue ribbons : stockings of clear celestial *blue*, with shoes of “ thick wove satin outsides.” Gloves of ass-skin vellum, with gold on the fingers : a scarf of *mock point*, and a *very little ridicule*. A fan of the *fan-sigh fair* pattern, viz. *thin sticks*, highly *painted*,—used to *flirt*, and full of *airs*,—completed this novel and distinguished costume, which after being in the crowd, we may venture to describe in “ hot-pressed Bath, closely bound!”



Blowing a cloud !

THE PORTIONLESS ONE.

BY "THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE."

NOBILITY is in his brow,
 His gentle smile return provokes,
 But, ah, the truth, to tell it how,—
 We part to meet no more—*he smokes.*

Yes, the dark fact is all too true,
 My heart, from what it beats for, shrinks,
 To what it thirsts for bids adieu,—
 For, oh, the handsome sot! *he drinks.*

Ye virgins soft, who think me hard,
 Hear farther what my union stays,
 And say if you'd not too discard
 The darling gambler — yes, *he plays.*

Ah weep—the truth I 've yet to sing,
He *smokes*—that I no portion own ;
He *drinks*—of the Pierian spring,
He *plays*—but on the flute alone !

To such a man could I but be
A *ready prize*?—but mark, what said he,
“ Lady, alas! a prize to me
Is not who *is*, but *has* the *ready* !”



John Knox !

ULYSSES AND POLYPHEMUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

" 'Twas in the cave of Polypheme
 Ulysses made him cry out ;
 He ate his mutton, drank his wine,
 And then he poked his eye out.
Tom Dibdin.

ULYSSES was a tough old Greek,
 And cunning as a fox ;
 And little cared for thumps and blows
 As catholics for — Knox.

For ten long years, 'fore Troy so stout,
 He 'd battled without stopping ;
 And now he long'd for Ithaca,
 Quite tired grown of '*wapping*.'

Penelope, his loving queen,
 (The chastest wife of any)
 His absence mourn'd — and Ulysses
 Sigh'd for his *crown* and *Penny* !

A fleet of ships he mann'd for sea,
Wherein his spoils were stored,
“ A *great deal* sick, I'm sure to be,”
Cried he, “ When I'm *a-board !*”

“ Brothers in arms ! and loving friends !”
He said, with air discreet ;
“ I owe ye more than I can pay ;
I'm going to the *Fleet !*”

He weigh'd his anchor, *hankering*
To reach his royal home ;
Nor (bound for Ithaca) once thought
He'd driven be to *roam !*

But oh ! the winds were high, and o'er
His bark the waters break ;
His fleet was seen — *but in his sleep,*
It was not in his *wake !*

Abreast the Isle of Sicily
He found himself at last ;
And as his crew were starving all,
He made his anchor *fast*.

The giant Polyphemus there,
 One-eyed and full of wrinkles,
 Six of his crew ate up—as we
 Eat shrimps and periwinkles !

Ulysses spoke—(tho' in a fright)
 His speech a life deserved :
 Tho' ne'er before so eloquent,
 Ulysses was — *reserved* !

A cask of smuggled Hollands he
 Then ordered from the ship,
 And soon old Polyphemus made
 Right *flippant* with good *flip*.

“ The can !—The can !—you *canny* dog ! ”
 Drunk Polypheme demanded ;
 And sly Ulysses saw with joy
 The can did make him *candid* !

At length his single peeper closed,
 At length, along he roll'd !
 “ That bowl hath *bowl'd* him out I trow,
 And, eke, hath made *me bold* ! ”

Ulysses said, and seize a brand
Right quick in his right hand did ;
“Thy brain, old boy, is *groggy*, and
Thine eye shall now be *brandied* !”

He gave one poke—the next one did
The sturdy giant kill :
And when his spirit “wing’d its flight,”
He lay a giant—*still* !

Joy filled all hearts—the prospect late
So *heavy*, turned out brighter ;
All went (albeit in a *ship*)
On board a *little lighter* !



Weeping *Will-ohs*!

MY UNCLE GREGORY'S WILL.

OR

THE RICH PERSON OF THE FAMILY.

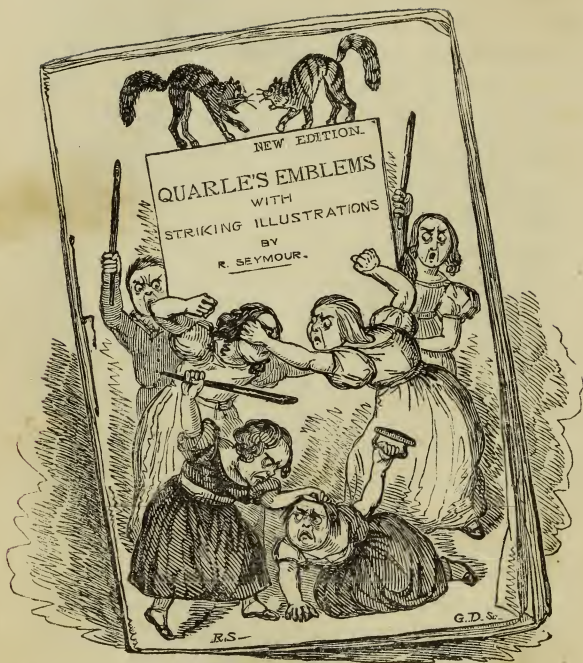
BY THE AUTHOR OF "WORCESTER FIELD."

THERE are some people who shrink from making a will, with feelings of superstitious dread, imagining, no doubt, that such a proceeding would have the effect of shortening their natural term of

existence. I have known many who have regarded setting their hands to such an instrument in the same light as if actually required to sign their own death-warrant ; and others who, unable to overcome the spirit of procrastination which induced them to reserve this important duty for a death-bed amusement, have in the end died intestate, leaving a large family to a lot of miserable dependance on the precarious bounty of an elder brother. And there are numerous instances recorded, and unrecorded, where the pen has been guided in the hand of a dying man, to sign a last will and testament, which had been devised by the persons in whose custody he chanced to die, and of the purport of which he was wholly unconscious.

My uncle Gregory belonged not to this class of people ; making his will was the amusement, the business, and the pleasure of his life.

He was an old bachelor of the old school ; a younger brother of one of those ancient families fallen into decay, who make a miserable attempt to support their pretensions to gentility at the price of sacrifices and privations of which none but those who have actually experienced their bitterness can form a correct estimate. My uncle Gregory had known them in his early days in their fullest extent, my grandfather having married a portionless beauty, the daughter of a family as poor and as



Quarles' Emblems.

honourable as his own, who presented him with a whole grove of unwelcome olive branches, which spread in alarming array around his scantily provisioned table.

My uncle Gregory was the only sickly child of this large family, and was, in consequence, much humoured by his mother, though he, no less than his brethren, had to experience the miseries of stinted meals, and the humiliation of wearing apparel suited to the fortunes, but not to the inclinations of their parents ; yet he enjoyed various little privileges which his weakly constitution rendered necessary, and these gradually taught him to consider himself of more importance than any other member of the family. There was a favourite three-legged stool, with a cushion with a faded cross-stitch cover, which he was generally permitted to occupy, and which from the right of frequent possession, was at length considered as exclusively devoted to his service. It was not, however, without many a fierce contest with the rest of the brother and sisterhood, that this point was fully established, for this stool was a generally coveted article among the young fry. But Queen Bess would have submitted more tamely to the loss of half her prerogative than my uncle Gregory to resign his envied tripod. He had fought for it—scratched for it—pinched and pulled for it ; and

when he found himself overmastered by the superior strength and numbers of his assailants, he had cried and coughed for it (uncle Gregory always knew how to make the most of a cough), and by that means succeeded in obtaining the maternal recognition of his rights, which were never afterwards invaded. He enjoyed the warmest corner of the fireside and occupied the middle berth in a bed with an additional blanket upon it; and all these little comforts he was always ready to defend with tooth and claw. His mother said he was the best child she had, because he never dirtied or tore his clothes, or entered the house without first performing the prescribed formula of scraping and wiping his shoes, brushing his hat, and hanging it up on one of the pegs in the passage, which he called *his* peg. If he found that peg pre-occupied, he always asserted his claim by deposing the usurping hat or bonnet, and kicking it to the other end of the passage.

Then, instead of wasting his time, and debasing his manners by playing at foolish games with rude boys, he learned to sew, kept a thimble and housewife well stocked with a variety of threads, needles and pins, in his pocket, and greatly assisted his mother in her needle-work. He soon acquired a great proficiency in all sorts of stitcheries, and was wont to boast that he could hem a pocket-handkerchief better than any of his sisters. None

of them ever mended his stockings to his satisfaction, so he always darned them himself.

His brothers ridiculed him most unmercifully for these feminine propensities ; his father laughed at him for want of spirit ; and his sisters called him by provoking nicknames, because he usurped one of their provinces, and criticised their needle-craft withal : but his mother commended him, and prophesied that he would become the rich man of the family ;—so uncle Gregory persevered in his industrious habits.

His carefulness was perfectly astonishing in one so young : he never saw a pin or needle on the ground, whether at home or abroad, without stooping and picking it up. He kept a bag, moreover, in which he put all the waifs and strays he could collect, — not a shred escaped him ; and he was never known to waste any thing. Poor as they all were, he was never without a sixpence in his pocket, and would at length boast of a golden guinea of his own scraping up ; no one knew how, yet it certainly was honestly acquired. With these acquisitive and saving propensities, it is not wonderful that uncle Gregory amassed wealth when he went into the world. His situation was at first humble, his salary small, and his opportunities for improving it few, — but they were never neglected. He had early learnt the difficult lesson of

shaping his expenditure to his means ; and, by degrees, his means far exceeded his expenditure. Any one who has arrived at that point is in a fair way of becoming wealthy. My grandmother lived to see her prediction, respecting her favourite son, verified to the letter ; and as a reward to her dear boy Gregory, for the care he had taken of the main chance, she bequeathed to him a certain hoard of precious relics of the departed grandeur of our house, which had been heir-looms in the family from the days of the Plantagenets, downwards.

It is not my intention to favour the world with an inventory of these antiquated trinkets, which had been preserved and looked upon by every member of the family with as much reverence as if they had been our household gods. Neither is it possible to describe the feelings of anger, jealousy and wrathful displeasure with which they contemplated the transfer of all these treasures to my uncle Gregory. He was, however, the rich man of the family, — a confirmed old bachelor ; and he judiciously threw out certain hints as to the final disposition of his own large property, which had an almost magic effect in tranquillizing the storm that was raging about his ears. His sisters ceased to revile him for having become the greedy and inappropriate possessor of all the rings, earrings, brooches, necklaces and stomacher-pins appertain-

ing unto dowager grandmothers and maiden aunts of the house for fifteen generations. His brothers spoke no more of antique snuff-boxes, seals, and shirt-buttons; and their wives discontinued their sarcastic inquiries as to what use he intended to make of gold corals, silver pap-boats, and all the other baby toys, of which he had become the residuary legatee. Every one assumed a conciliatory tone, for all appeared equally desirous of obtaining his favour, even on the hard terms of burying the envied jewellery in oblivion, or hypocritically agreeing that they could not have fallen into better hands than those of the rich man of the family, who, it was not doubted, would have a tender care of them, and make a righteous distribution of them at his death. His hoarding propensities were too well known for any one to propose his parting with a single item of them during the term of his natural life, which every member of the family secretly prayed might not be unreasonably prolonged.

My father, as the representative of our ancient house, naturally conceived himself as the person most aggrieved by this partiality of my grandmother; and though a prudent glance upon his seven young children prevented him from venting the effervescence of his spirit in words, yet he was sullen in look and malcontent in deportment, till

my uncle Gregory condescended to offer to act as sponsor to the infant whose birth was daily expected, promising, if it should prove a boy, to bestow upon it—not one of his spare thousands, gentle reader—but his baptismal name of Gregory, for which he cherished the profoundest reverence. This proposition agitated every member of the family with jealousy at the anticipated good fortune of the unborn object of his preference.

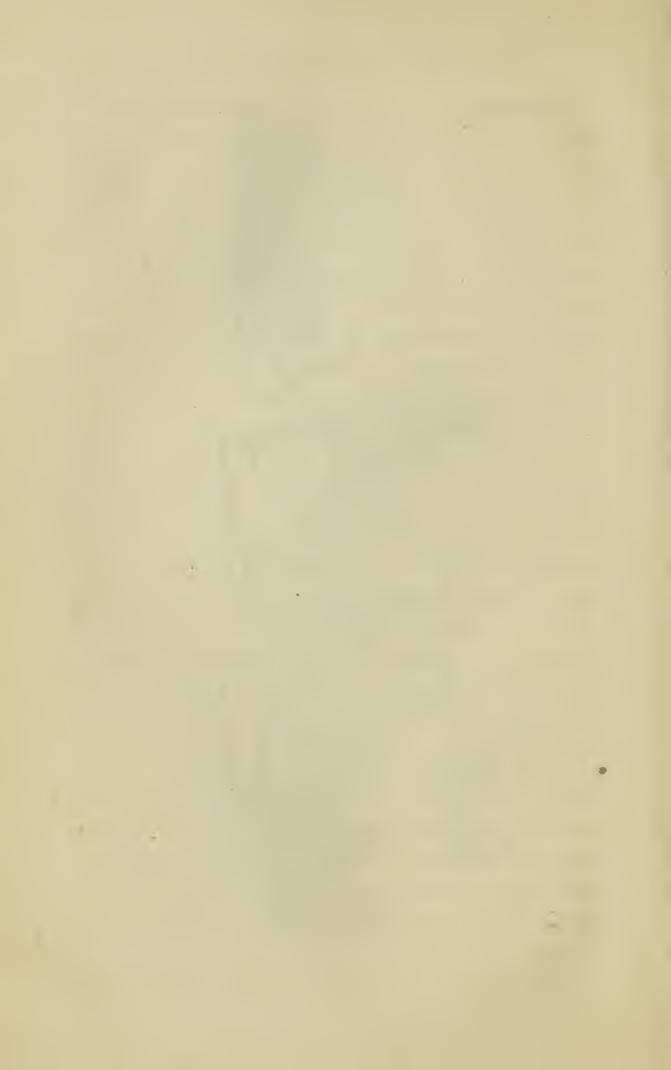
The babe proved a girl; and my uncle Gregory named her Grissel. For the honour of the family (on which point he was, to do him justice, very solicitous) he bestowed golden fees upon the officiating parson and clerk, and even upon the infant's nurse; but to her he gave nothing, not so much as one of his gold corals, silver pap-boats, or apostle-spoons.

My mother was at first disposed to indulge in a few sarcastic observations on his conduct on this occasion; but my father forbade her to injure the future prospects of the new-made Christian by any imprudence of speech, consoling her, at the same time, for her present disappointment, with the remark, "That doubtless all the treasures were laid up carefully for Grissel, and the pap-boats, &c. would be no ill store for her children, against it should please God to send her some."

Uncle Gregory often honoured us with his visits;



Race of Heroes !



he was very fond of children, and appeared to regard my father's family with peculiar interest: and though his god-daughter was considered as his heiress presumptive, he would whisper to us each in turn, that if we were good, careful and industrious, he would remember us in his will. That will was, in his absence, the constant topic of discourse, and exciting object of speculation among his five sisters, two brothers, and their respective families, besides some score of greedy legacy-hunting cousins, who were constantly plying him with visits, letters, presents and compliments. The most obviously persevering of these was our polite cousin Sharon Silver, Esq., whom my father, in the bitterness of his displeasure, distinguished by the contemptuous appellation of his brother Gregory's *sneak*, because he made a point of never contradicting his dear cousin on any account; submitted to the rudest of his ebullitions of temper, in silence and humility; studied his weak points; flattered him judiciously, and haunted him like his shadow; and, of course, entitled himself to the jealous hatred of seven-and-thirty nearer relations, who, nevertheless, constrained themselves to treat him with civility, and even complaisance, lest they should incur his ill-offices with the rich man of the family.

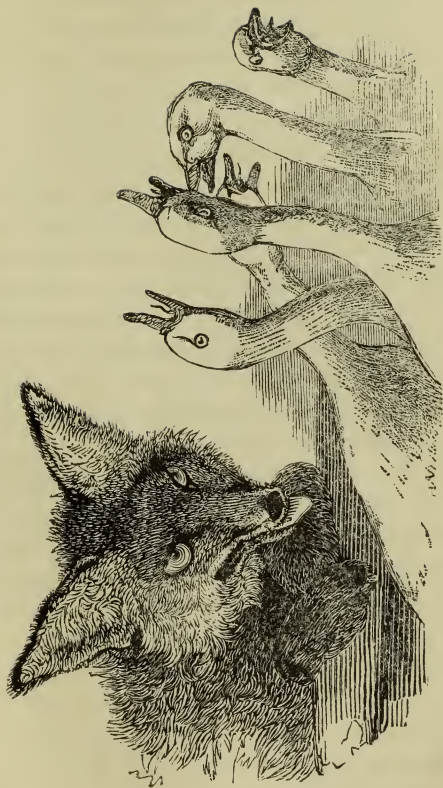
Much greater reason had they to tremble at his

growing, but unsuspected, partiality for his housekeeper, his cousin also, by a distant remove (my uncle Gregory liked to have respectable people about him); and Mrs. Judith Trudgett had endeared herself to him by cooking for him, nursing him, attending to his thousand-and-one fidgets and fusses with the most unremitting solicitude, and had allowed him, over and above, to win every game of draughts and backgammon, and to peg, *ad libitum*, at cribbage, and to take a sly crib out of turn whenever it suited him, without asserting her own rights. Great would have been the alarm of all parties had these little secrets of the bachelor's domicile transpired; but these are mysteries which seldom reach the ears of those whom they most concern. It was well known that Judy's place was no sinecure; and she said "That she had lost more than one opportunity of forming an advantageous matrimonial settlement while she had filled the post of housekeeper to uncle Gregory, and all for love of the family; because, if she were to forsake him, he would certainly be drawn in to marry some artful young creature, and then his property would be alienated from them after all." The cogency of this reasoning was admitted by all parties, and the family were wont to consider themselves under great obligations to her for her disinterested self-sacrifice.

The eagerly anticipated period at length arrived, when the rich man of the family was stricken with a mortal disease; and his medical attendants confidently informed all expectants that no *fears* of his recovery need be entertained. My uncle Gregory, if not before aware of his danger, could not fail of surmising it from the alarming influx of kindred that poured into his chamber with dismal faces, and ostentatiously displayed white handkerchiefs. He, however, testified no disquiet or terror at this formidable muster of heirs and legacy-hunters,—for there was a certain stately formality about him, from which he never departed in the ordinary affairs of life,—much less did he think of abandoning it on so solemn an occasion as that of his death. Raising himself up from his pillow, he surveyed the assembled group with an air of conscious superiority, as he thus addressed them:—

“ My dear brothers and sisters—It is well known to you all, that I have been a careful, industrious, and I am happy to be able to add, a prosperous member of the family. It was the fashion among you all, in our early days, to ridicule my economical and industrious habits;—but that is gone by, and I only recal it to your memories in order to point out to you that the contrast between our fortunes has been the result of the difference of our habits. You all remain in much the same state of

hopeless poverty as that in which you were born, while I have laboured for you all, and grown rich by honourable means ; but I would rather have pursued the honest craft of a tailor than have starved genteelly on a half-pay lieutenancy like you, Walter (turning to my father), or on a wretched curate's pittance as you have done, Gerrard. And as for you girls (addressing his five sisters, the youngest of whom was on the shady side of forty), it would have been well for you had you remained spinsters, sempsters, or school-mistresses to this day, instead of playing the fool at the rate you have all done in marrying poor authors, artists and apothecaries, and bringing a fresh inundation of beggary upon an already overstocked population. However, it is a fine thing doubtless for people to please their own fancies at any rate ; — you have all done so by taking husbands and wives according to your own measure of discretion. I have remained a bachelor for the benefit of you all, and in the hope of building up the family. Our worthy cousin, Judith Trudgett, spinster, knoweth the busy days and sleepless nights it hath cost me to devise such a will as might give satisfaction to the almost unprecedented number of legatees who will find their names included in it (consistently, at the same time, with my great object of raising up the ruins of our ancient but fallen house). After mak-



For's Martyrs!

ing and destroying upwards of sixty wills, I have at length framed one that (with humility be it spoken) may be considered a perfect unique in its kind, and a *nonpareil* among wills; and I shall now die content, the great business of my life being thus happily concluded."

My uncle Gregory's affectionate allusion to his housekeeper caused a mental ague-fit among those who expected to derive the principal benefit from his testamentary lucubrations; but of these our obnoxious cousin Silver appeared to experience the keenest feelings of uneasiness, which he endeavoured to conceal by applying his white handkerchief to his eyes with great solemnity.

The eagerly anticipated moment of my uncle Gregory's release from all earthly cares, and the family's release from him, at length arrived. That of reading the will followed in due course. — My father, as his heir-at-law, and his god-daughter Grissel, as his presumptive legatee extraordinary, and Mr. Silver, as the most apparent object of the regard of the deceased, seated themselves with more than ordinary dignity; the other expectants took their places with beating hearts and excited countenances, without so much as observing the presence of Judy Trudgett, who sat unobtrusively in a corner with her apron thrown over her face.

The seals of my uncle Gregory's will were broken; the usual preamble read and listened to with the degree of patience commonly exhibited on such occasions by the persons interested in the sequel. The first article was a stunner; for it bequeathed, in terms too tediously legal to be repeated here, the whole of his property, real and personal, to Judith Trudgett, spinster, his dearly beloved cousin in the third degree, for the term of her natural life.

I pass over the burst of wrathful surprise and clamorous indignation with which all parties interested received this notification of the last will and pleasure of a testator, who had just asserted the now somewhat doubtful fact of his being of sound mind and understanding at the time of making this bequest, and proceed to state that the property was, after the death of Judith Trudgett, to pass in reversion to his brother Gerrard, to be enjoyed by him for the term of his natural life; and after his demise to his sisters Margaret, Bertha, Arabella, Adeliza, and Egberta, in rotation for the term of their natural lives, beginning with the eldest and ending with the youngest; and after their deaths —”

“ I suppose that I, the eldest brother and representative of the family, am to be honoured with the empty compliment of standing last in this truly

reversionary order," interrupted my poor disappointed father with a bitter laugh.

The legal friend, who was intrusted with the enviable office of reading my uncle Gregory's will, shook his head and proceeded to read, in all the verbose technicalities of law language (which in compassion to the reader I charitably suppress), the remaining sheets, which were to this purpose :—

"After the decease of all these persons afore-named, the principal of the property named in the will should pass to the eldest heir male of the testator's eldest brother Walter, chargeable with the payments of legacies of 1000*l.* sterling to each of the surviving daughters of the said Walter, and the same sum to his younger sons, share and share alike, chargeable also with the payment of legacies of 100*l.* a-piece to the surviving issue, male and female, of Gerrard, Margaret, Bertha, Arabella, Adeliza and Egberta."

It is surely a fortunate thing for testators that they cannot hear the comments of the survivors at the reading of their wills. Those that were made upon my uncle Gregory were sufficient to have raised his ghost. There was not a single person that was satisfied with the disposition it had pleased the rich man of the family to make of his worldly wealth. But among them all our cousin Silver was the most truly crest-fallen. The disap-

pointment of those who considered themselves to have the most positive claims upon the deceased, under which denomination may be classed all present, especially his injured heir-at-law, and his unnoticed god-daughter with the ugly name, were as nothing in comparison with his. In truth his mortification was the only consolation my father derived upon an occasion so fraught with vexation to himself; and when the sanity of the deceased was loudly questioned by the legaciless parasite, he drily observed, "that the omission of Mr. Silver's name in the will was to him the surest proof that his brother Gregory could give of the sound state of his judgment at the time of devising the property in question."

But the drop of wormwood that made the already brimfull cup of bitterness overflow, was a codicil which devised the whole of the much venerated hoard of family plate and jewels to Judith Trudgett, with no reversionary clauses to protect them from utter alienation.

Those who had seen anticipated thousands and tens of thousands melt from their grasp with comparative calmness, broke forth into unrestrained fury on learning that a few antiquated gewgaws and baby toys, for which no dealer in his senses would have allowed fifty pounds, would pass into the hands of a cousin in the third degree, the off-

spring, too, of a mortifying misalliance contracted by a great-aunt of the half-blood.

Even the philosophy of my father was not proof against such a test ; but his wrath was nothing in comparison with the exasperation into which my five aunts were thrown by this circumstance ; and they made use of language respecting both the devisor and devisee of the property, which must not be repeated here, in which they were heartily joined by Mr. Silver. The much insulted spinster stood her ground with the intrepidity of a Spartan heroine ; and when the Babel-like clamour of tongues had a little subsided, took up the word and had recourse to the very same method of tranquillizing the bereaved heirs of my uncle Gregory's property, that he had himself so successfully practised on a former occasion ; for she told them " That she had always had the interest of the family at heart, and was moreover a lone woman of small expenses, and by no means likely to live for ever ; and those who conducted themselves to her satisfaction, would find at her decease that it had been much for their advantage that she had enjoyed the first benefit of the reversionary property of her dear departed cousin Gregory."

This speech proved a perfect quietus ; the enraged malcontents began to abate of their choler, and some of them deemed it necessary to say

something of an apologetic nature to their cousin Judith. That heretofore despised spinster had now become the rich person of the family ; and she very speedily assumed all the airs of a patroness of the poor. No autocrat or sultan ever boasted of more absolute authority over their subjects than did uncle Gregory's quondam housekeeper over every member of his family, who all bowed in silent submission to her *ipse dixit*. Mr. Silver, in particular, was the first to flatter, and become the humblest of her slaves.

My aunts learned to behold with meekness the sacred earrings of their ancestors dangling from her unqualified ears ; and the rings of fifty descents glittering on her fat red fingers. My uncle Gerard and my father disciplined their eyes to witness, without flashing fire, her profanation of snuff-boxes, which had belonged to bishops, judges and generals of the family, and had been objects of such reverence in their early days, that they had been only permitted to peep at them through glass cases. Not but what Mistress Judith valued these heir-looms as much as they did ; but she dearly loved to make a shew of them, and no one durst say her nay, because she had become the rich person of the family. I don't think she ever made an indiscreet use of the corals and pap-boats, but there is no answering for what she may do ; for she is



Excessive Benevolence : a good-natured soul.

not dead yet, though she was not very youthful at the period of my uncle Gregory's decease, and twenty-two years have elapsed since that time; and my uncle Gerrard and three of my aunts have already paid the debt of nature, without receiving any benefit from their reversionary expectations; while the surviving two consume the residue of their days in grumbling at the unreasonable — I am not sure they do not sometimes use the term unprincipled — longevity of Mistress Judith Trudgett. That venerable spinster favoured my father with a visit the other day; and, having communicated to him the fact that she had realized a very considerable sum out of the savings of her income of reversionary property, added the obliging information, that it was her design to make him her heir; and finding him somewhat deficient in the expressions of gratitude customary on such intimations, she forthwith put her will into his hands, and bade him read and convince himself that such were actually her intentions towards him.

My father, without attempting to avail himself of this gracious permission to peruse the last will and testament of the rich person of the family, replied, with a cynical smile, he would not thank her for the sight of a dozen such wills during her lifetime; for he had been shewn sixty wills of his brother Gregory to the same effect, and been left

in the lurch at last. "Besides," added he, "having reached my eightieth year in poverty, and that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, I feel little disposed to flatter you with expressions of gratitude respecting the benefit I may derive at your death, should I be so fortunate as to survive you, and you should actually persevere in your intention of leaving me heir to the superfluous thousands which you have never used during your life, and cannot carry away with you at your death."

Whether the rich person of the family liked my father the better for his sincerity, or was piqued into convincing him of *hers*, I know not; but at any rate she took the proper steps to entitle herself to something more than posthumous gratitude, for she presented him by deed of gift with the large sum she had accumulated since the death of my uncle Gregory.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

BY JOHN S. CLARK, ESQ.

“ His ideas were *out of the way*.”---*Grey*.

WILL LONGREIN was a coachman bold,
 Who drove from London city ;
 A whip of credit and renown,
 And also wondrous witty :
 And as along the road he went
 Away from London smoke,
 You'd sometimes hear him crack his whip,
 And sometimes crack his joke.

One day he saw a stupid clown
 Who seem'd from folly dumb :
 Says Will, “ Did you from *Leather Head*
 Or *Dull-wich* lately come ?
 You sadly want some polish, lad,
 Your senses to enlighten ;
 As they seem *rusty*, may I ask,
 An't you now going to *Brighton* ?”

A pair of boots were giv'n him once,
Said he, "the gift just suits ;
My luggage I could ne'er collect
Without the aid of '*Boots !*' "
And so he joked on this *sole* theme,
'T had done you good to hear him ;
At length, " Good bye, kind sir," quoth he,
" I must be off to *Wear 'em !*"

Will saw a man knock down his spouse ;
So pulling up and stopping, —
Says coachee, " This is Worcestershire,
Sure you an't going to *Wapping !*
Take *that !* (and Will here knock'd him down,)
You've beat your wife and curst her ;
And tho' to *Wapping* you may go,
You shall not go to *Worst-her !*"

A scholar once got on his coach,
His bag with bread and meat in ;
Will wink'd at me, "~~I~~ see," said he,
You're very great at *Eton !*" —
But soon the youth pull'd forth a book,
His mind with knowledge feeding,
Quoth Will, " You've left the *Ply-mouth* road,
And now you're going to *Reading !*"



Lugg-age !

“ How differs Polhill’s *stage* from yours ?”

I asked — (reply he lacked none),

“ Why, sir, *mine* is the *Acton stage*,

And *his* the stage to Act-on !” —

Thus Will e’er joked till death drew near,

With him can none contend ;

And Will at length quite lost his strength,

And came to this *Land’s-end* ! —

He call’d his friends around his bed,

And as he sadly eyes us, —

Says he, “ Grim death takes no excuse,

He knows of no *Devices* !” —

So Will he died, — we took him off

To *Gravesend* in a wherry ;

We shed a tear upon his bier,

And then — went on to *Bury* !

A TALE CURTAILED.

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN AND J. B. ESQ.

" COME, come thou along with me, poor dog,
 And tell me thy tale of woe ;
 For thou hast — altho' no 'tail to unfold,'
 A most ' pitiful tail to shew !'
 Yet still your courage has been improved,
 You will ne'er turn tail on a foe :
 So cease that *wail* while you gnaw your *bone*,
 Or a *whale-bone* you 'll swallow, you know !"

Said the dog, " I will come, and make thee of
 My tale of woe a sharer ;
 My secret I dare confide to thee,
 As like me thou art no *tale-bearer* !
 But while my sorrows I relate,
 Your patience I fear will fail,
 For, like the Eastern stories, I
 Can ne'er put an *end* to my *tail* !

“ I saw some joints in a butcher’s shop,
And to get one *made a point* ;
I was rival’d at home, and so my *mouth*
Like my *nose*, was—‘ *out of joint* !’
And oft, in spite of economy,
I had nought but a *bone* to eat ;
Tho’ I should have liked of every meal
To have made the ‘ both ends *meat* !’

“ I thought I might *purloin* a *loin*,
While the butcher wrangled there
With his wife :—but tho’ he wished *her* dead,
Not a *rib* had he to spare !
She argued, ’cause she was not *let cut*
The *cutlets* off the veal,
Because no *steel* she ’d used for the knife :—
Thinks I, then *I*’ll try a *steal* !

“ But just as I hooked a joint off the hook,
The butcher turned with a frown,
Which made me think of the *meat* I took,
’Twas ‘ *meet* to set it down !’
I tried in vain to let him know
I wanted a *steak* in his shop :
But he said, as he would not *stake* me there,
He would give me, instead, a *chop* !

“ He looked for big *Tray*, but the *traitor* was gone,
Betrayed was the butcher’s tray :
So he fiercely desired I would begone,
As no *tarry-ers* near him should stay.
And as from the *trotters* I *gallop’d* fast
He aimed at my tail a knock :
So I ’d driven him to *extremities*
And saved my *head* from the *block* !

“ He bore an apron and frock of *blue*,
(A ‘ *blue bore*’ to me he seemed)
And when he *blew* me up for a *cur*,
A *Blu-cher* I might be named.
‘ Fly *fast*, *cur*, this shall be your *fast* day,
You ’ve fast *incurred* my rage :
And as I send *offal* to the dogs,
I can send dogs *all off* I engage !

“ I saw you *wait* there by the *weights*,
And *scale* the shelf by the *scales* :
Now taste correction’s *bitter bread*,
Instead of *sweet-bread* regales !
This *fillet* your stomach would like to *fill it* ;
Reveal not thy taste at my cost,
Or I swear by the tally I keep of my tallow
I ’ll cry tallyho, and you ’re lost !



A Goblin !

“ I ’ve done as fathers ought to sons,
 Sad dogs who at honesty scoff,
(Ere they succeed to man’s *estate*)
 They should find the *en-tail cut off* !
Now shamble away from my shambles straight
 Sham not, as of waggery dreaming !’
Oh, Sir, I cannot *wag on* my way,
 Tho’ my path with woe is *teaming*.’

“ ‘ Well take your tail to a *tail-or’s* shop,
 To join it he ’ll soon be ready.’
‘ O Sir, I need not go to him,
 For I ’m *snipped* too much already !’ —
‘ Then go to the comic writers, dog,
 They sell tales with points, no doubt :’ —
‘ Oh, Sir, they are *wholesale* dealers in tales,
 ’Tis *retailers* I must find out !’

“ This anger’d the butcher, for thro’ the stump
 Once more was the *cleaver* driven ;
And I thought (in spite of the pain I felt,)
 That his blow was most *cleverly* given !
And as I fled howling away from the shop,
 I said unto all who saw me,
That I ’d left my tail in exchange for a *chop*,
 ’Cause the butcher had *axed* it from me !

THE MERRY FRIAR.

“ I am a friar of orders grey.”---*Song.*

ON one of those warm evenings of July, when indolence reigns triumphant alike over the sun-burnt labourer and the lord for whom he tills and toils, a sleek, though humble son of the church (one of the class denominated mendicant friars, who, in the olden time had a ‘ roving commission’ to fight in the good cause of the established faith) was solacing himself in the agreeable shade of a wide-spreading elm, which extended its protecting branches over a most inviting nook of green turf, beside which trickled a tiny rivulet ; — this worthy priest-errant, I say, was solacing himself with cheese of ewe’s milk and a dry crust from his scrip, when a young knight, unattended, came slowly winding through the green lane upon his steed ; both, in truth, appearing travel-weary.

“ Good even to thee, father,” said the knight, courteously accosting the friar.

“ Good *knight*, — good even,” — replied the other.

“ By ’r lady ! — father, thou hast chosen a cool retreat.”

“ And yet ’tis a marvel, sir knight, that thou shouldst admire that which thy valor would scorn.”

“ How ! — what should my valor scorn ?”

“ Marry, sir knight, a *retreat* to be sure,” quoth the friar ; “ for of a verity you of the sword and buckler notoriously prefer the use of your arms to your legs ; while we, the servants of the church, have (like scolds) only our tongues for our weapons.”

“ Beshrew me, sir friar, but thou art a wag,” cried the knight, “ and I’ll have a word with thee.”

“ Nay, I pray thee, valiant, have no words with me,” interrupted the friar, “ for I’m inclined to no quarrel ; I am a preacher of peace, who am right glad to win a little piece for my preaching.”

“ A quarrel ! — by my knighthood ! I’m more inclined to rest and good fellowship, holy friar.”

“ And by my monkshood ! so am I ! and yet who shall look upon us twain and aver we are not hostile ?” said the friar ; “ the merest clown, that hath no more brains in his costard than my walking-staff, regarding thy casque and my shaven crown, would, in his obtuse perception, proclaim a differ-

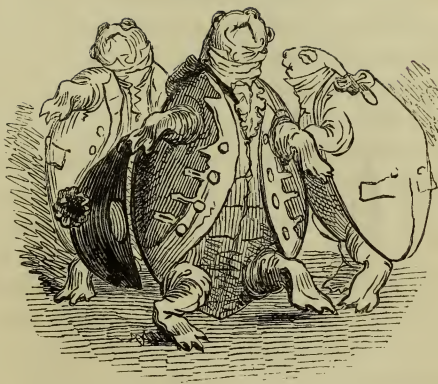
ence between us ; and what's a difference but a quarrel ?”

“ Nay, then, let's fall to, and fair words be our weapons,” answered the knight, falling in with his humour ; and dismounting, seated himself down by the friar.

“ Agreed !” quoth the friar ; “ and so begins and ends the contest in an — engagement ! Now couch thee on this greensward comfortably ; and far better is it for thee to be beside me, or even a sane beggar, than beside thyself, for then thou would'st be mad of a surety !”

“ By my fay ! an' thou be'st not as droll a clerk as ever girded up his loins in sackcloth and hemp. But, father, how fits this humour with thy serious vocation ?”

“ Truly like a light heart and a clear conscience upon a full stomach. Garb him as ye list, a man's still a man. Its my nature to be blithe ; and, therefore, do I hold it sinful to sport a mask of gravity. Some who wear the cowl look upon it as a symbol of *sadness* as well as sanctity ; for my part I honestly confess I regard my *cowl* only as a *lively-hood* ! and yet —” continued the friar, with mock-seriousness, placing his palms upon his capacious corporation — “ behold how my mirthfulness and good-humour runneth to — *waist* ! O ! it's a sad world we live in, sir knight.”



Lively turtles, *dressed* for dinner !

The knight laughed heartily at the jocose conceits of the jolly friar, and almost imperceptibly began to quibble in the same strain; albeit, he preferred rather to provoke the good-humoured garrulity of his companion than to hear himself discourse.

“Only to see how wit engendereth wit,” cried the friar, “as naturally as bears bear bears, or wolves and churchmen — prey! By St. Mary, sir knight, we are well met, and by thy good-will we’ll part not ere we drink a chirping-cup together. A league hence stands an hostelrie, where I purpose to spend the night and a mark to boot, for beshrew me an there be not as good a flagon of wine to be had there as ever made a dull eye or a light heel.”

“Have with thee then,” replied the knight, “for I lack refection after a hard day’s ride; and would fain reach our destination ere nightfall.”

“And yet nightfall can have no terrors for thee,” said the friar, “for in thy time thou must have seen many a *knight fall*, even at noon-day!”

“Ay, truly many a brave knight have I seen cast from his seat, who hath borne his discomfiture with a grace and equanimity worthy ——”

—— “Worthy the *thrown*, naithless,” interposed the friar laughing, — “with nothing but a cracked *crown* to support his dignity withal! And this is

what you men of valor term sport. Heaven save me from such jests, quotha ! A doughty knight making another appear foolish, wherefore peradventure the king maketh him a foolish peer, and thus the game runs !”

“ Nay, I charge thee ——”

“ Charge me not, I pray thee, sir knight,” quickly retorted the friar, — “ for lo ! I am unarmed ; I bear neither arms nor malice, albeit, in a sort, I may myself be termed a *buckler* — seeing that I am a priest of Hymen, and licensed to tack together the sexes.”

“ Go to, friar, I am no match for thee.”

“ No, by St. Mary ! the church allows us no match. The priest tacks, but doth not tax himself with a wife. The progeny of mother church are all children by adoption ! But, beseech thee, mount, sir knight, and let us jog on ; and thanks to thy company that will make the wayfarer’s way fairer.”

Having, after a short progress, rendered shorter by the pleasantry of the friar, arrived at the afore-named hostelry, where the mendicant was instantly recognised and right heartily welcomed ; the knight provided his steed with good quarters, and a liberal supply of corn, unarmed, and sat down with the friar to the discussion of the promised flagon, which was agreeably accompanied by the corner of

a coney-pie and the remnant of a delicious pasty, to which a healthy appetite gave unusual relish.

Filling a horn with the sparkling wine, the knight said, "I'll give thee, friar, the Church of England!"

"And I the — *belles!*" replied the friar significantly, quaffing his measure at a single draught; and it was evident enough by the thickness of his speech and the stupid glare of his small grey eyes, that his wit was tottering on the very brink of inebriation.

"I fear me, most delectable friar," said the knight, who was drooping as fast as his boon companion, "that thou art incorrigible. Thou wilt assuredly drop into the embraces of sleep with a jest in thy mouth."

"It's all nature — and nature — the force of nature, most valiant knight, is irresistible. I confess my errors — my errors; — and here's a parallel, — a parallel 'twixt my profession and my confession. My profession is — mendicant; — my confession is — *mend I can't!*"

And so saying down rolled the burly friar and the sturdy knight upon the floor of the hostelrie, i the rushes whereof they found a sweet and sound repose!

THE RIVALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES.

IN Pisa dwelt a lovely dame,
 Camilla della Rond by name,
 (She still in story reigns)
 Whose charms had won — not only one,
 For any belle could that have done, —
 But fifty sighing swains.

And tho' she frown'd on ev'ry knight,
 Their ardor only wax'd more bright,
 Like stars when skies grow dark :
 But icy as appear'd the dame,
 She very speedily became
 The *flame* of ev'ry *spark* !

Among the host who woo'd the maid,
By sonnet, sigh, or serenade,
 Were *two* — tho' not a *pair* —
For one was like a tennis-ball,
The other like a steeple tall,
 High tow'ring in the air.

Yet both were boasters, fierce and vain,
In person and in language *plain* :
 Sure Cupid tried in sport,
To raise a *levy* full of fun,
Or else the deed he ne'er had done,
 To send such cubs *to court* !

Whene'er unlucky chance decreed
These blades should meet, 'twas sure to breed
 A noisy war of words ;
Each other's faults were held to view,
Satiric, cutting tropes they drew,
 But never drew — their swords !

Humming one day the last new song,
Sir Slender lightly skipp'd along,
 Just like a long hop-pole ;
When fat Sir Bluff, forth from a crowd,
Blustering angrily and loud,
 Came rolling like a bowl.

"Twas marvellous to see the rig,
For now the little man *look'd big*,
 And Slender—he *look'd round* !
As if a poodle at his heels
Were snapping—so he coolly wheels,
 And looks contempt profound.

"Stay, stay, thou shadow of a staff!"
Cried out Sir Bluff, with jeering laugh,
 " Say whither dost thou flee ?
Long may you *long*, my long-legg'd swain,
For lady's smiles sigh long in vain
 However *long* you be !

" Love *thee*, Camilla never can,
Tho' *short*, she's far *above* thee, man !
 So wisely quit the field :
The holly-oak, and lily fair
Were surely never made to pair,
 Therefore you needs must yield !"

His breath, just here, began to fail,
And he to cease to scoff and rail ;
 So Slender, in retort,
Cried : " Well ! Sir Bluster, hast thou done ?
Hath thy keen wit thy breath outrun,
 And kindly cut thee short ?"



A corn-meeter !

“ ’Tis now *my* turn, thou burly swab !
(I fain would pay one for the job)
But this I know, thou cur !
Thou art *beneath* Camilla’s thought,
Short of her favor and — in short
Can ne’er *be-long* to her !

“ I fear thy tender nerves to shock,
Or I could play the weathercock
(For I am in the *vein*) ;
And *point* to ev’ry *point* in thee,
With sense and wit which disagree,
But they are all too plain !”

Sir Bluff was chafed, and bounced aloud,
‘ He was a ‘ man of *might*,’ and vow’d
Sir Slender he would fight ;’
Who smiling cried, “ An untam’d boar !
In *ducats* — (as in *courage*) — *poor*,
May well boast of his — *mite* !”

They drew (’twas strange !), but ere they fought,
Camilla with a grand escort
Her rival lovers pass’d ;
“ Hold !” cried their friends, — “ Here ends
your strife :
Your mistress hath become a *wife*,
And trick’d you *both* at last !”

IMITATION.

BY ISABEL HILL.

WITH whom take we more liberties than with those whom we admire ?

The authors of *Rejected Addresses*, and *Warreniana*, confessed the celebrity of their models by parodising them.

Matthews attempts not to burlesque the style of Curran by his bit of mimicry ; — nor have I one irreverent feeling at heart, while endeavouring to adopt the manner and to emulate the spirit of the following lines —

“ My heart is like a withered nut,
Rattling within its hollow shell ;
You cannot ope my breast, and put
Any thing fresh in it to dwell,” &c.

But what said I ? did I not moralize this spectacle ? Oh ! yes, into a thousand — *similes*.

Accept the few that I remember. — They cost me no great labour, and, therefore, ought to prove rather amusing.

My brain is like an addled egg,
Its fractured shell my skull may match ;
In vain Minerva's owl I beg,
Any thing fresh therefrom to hatch.

My heart is like a shrivelled shrimp,
So narrow tho' his case may be,
That it a healthful fish would scrimp,
Too big for him — my breast for me.

My soul, within my body pent,
Is an unmanaged broker's shop ;
Where things of use and ornament
'Twixt dust and damp to ruin drop.

My hopes are like good turnips, few —
Stripped, cut, and in hot water placed ;
And, tho' so spotless in their hue
All crushed to feast another's taste.

My memory is a brindled cat,
With black and grey her white bestrewed ;
Who, tho' she at her master spat,
Would love the house where first she mewed.

My song is like an ill-stewed eel,
And to an eel-like length would run, —
It might have been a dainty meal,
If it had but been better done.

IMPROMPTU.

RED MARKING INK !

SIR CHARLES said to me, "I have just found out why
Lady —— makes the tint of her blushes so high :
When she *reads*, if inclined o'er some passage to
linger,
She *marks* it with *rouge* taken off by her finger !"

" Well (said I) she's the first who this *reddy* way
took
Of telling her friends she's 'a *dab* at her book !'
And I truly can fancy the *mark* is thus ruddy,
As we know the RED BOOK forms the whole of her
study !"



Bob in for Eels !



I'VE BEEN ROME-ING.

TUSH, Bob, will you never relent
 About Rome and its beauties to moan,—
 With its Carnival, Easter, and *Lent*,
 Be wiser and leave it *a loun*.

Far better ne'er wandered so far,
 About statues to make such a fuss :
 I'll prove tho' so travelled you are,
 That Rome is come over to us.

The buildings we'll take in their rank,
 And they equal their rivals in looks ;
 See the *Capitol's* found in the *bank*,
 And the *Vatty can* smiles upon *Meux* !

The Livery's a conclave you'll own,
In one Cardinal point they agree ;
For it now may be easily shewn
They both are placed under a Key.

The temple of Janus, if any,
Is surely a beautiful sight ;
But Ireland sends over so many,
We beat you in *Janus's* (geniuses) quite.

If *St. Peter* we rob of his glory,
'Tis only to *pay it to Paul*,—
If you boast your Tarpeian story,
We've a *tar paying rock* at Whitehall.

Zoological gardens affright us
With lions and animals strange,
And every new day they delight us
With an *Exeter ord'nary Change* !

The Consuls of old with their fasces
Were Kings by their courage and skill,
But London these consuls surpasses,
For our consols are *sovereigns* still.

We beat you in tyrant and hero,
With Christian and Pagan we cope;
For Apsley supplies us an '*Ero*,
And Twickenham yields us *A. Pope*.

We have seen all the sights we desired,
In London transported to Rome,
But now as we're both *waxing* tired,
We had better be *wafering* (way-faring) home!



The Head of Brays-in-nose.

BOOKING THE PUBLISHERS.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER, AUTHOR OF "THE WITNESS."

IT has frequently occurred to me, during the present "march of intellect," and at a time when the taste for reading has become so prevalent with all classes of society, from the duke down to the dustman, that considerable loss of time, in the search after books of any particular description, might be easily avoided, could I but prevail upon the principal publishers and booksellers of this

overgrown metropolis to meet and resolve to publish only works to which the *name* of their firm could at once serve as an index. Not being one of those who complain of a disease, yet fail to suggest a remedy, I subjoin a prescription, by which may be seen the great facilities to which I allude, were my plan adopted. I make no doubt but my valuable hint will have its proper effect, and that I shall some day be gratified with the information that the trade met over a good *dinner* at the *Aldine* chambers, Paternoster-Row, and *expressed* themselves *bound* to me for the great service I had rendered in the promotion of, and search after useful knowledge. My plan has gained the *assent* of an *assemblage* of *associates*, whose ideas *assimilate* with my *aspirations*: and though new systems are always *assailed* by an *assortment* of contrary *assertions*, yet I can defend mine against these *assaults* by procuring such *asseverations* in favour of my *assumptions* as will *astonish* and *assubjugate* (if not *assuage* the rancour of) such anonymous *assassin-like asses*! I also feel proud in the *assurance* that some honorary distinction will be *assigned* to me by the members of Brays-in-nose College, where I graduated, for my *assiduity* in *assisting* the “March of Intellect.” The following is a specimen of my proposed system:—

“WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

Long hail ! to *Longman*, and his longer Co.,
Pride of our city’s Pater Noster Row ;
Thy trade forego in novel trash romantic,
And treat the world to something more *gigantic*.

Let *Underwood* all essays sell on *trees*,
On *shrubs*, or growth of *brushwood* if he please ;
All works on *brewing* leave to Mr. *Porter*, —
To *Boosey* — *temperance*, for his firm supporter.

Leave to friend *Bull* all works on *horned cattle*,
While *Reid* will teach the youthful mind to *prattle* ;
Give *Bohn* — *anatomy* ; give *Mason* — *sculpture* ;
Gardiner’s *engrafted* upon *horticulture*.

For valuation-tables on the price of land,
Why should we seek ? since *Byfield* is at hand ;
For works on draining either bog or fen,
In *Marsh* and *Moore* we have a choice of men.



Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties !

Give *Sherwood* tales of merry men, who stood—
Firm to their robbing — around *Robin Hood*.
Ogle takes *optics*, — *Miller*, works on *grain*,
Ridgway, on *rail roads*, — *Surgery* with *Payne*.

Hail ! Pic-a-dilly *Hatchard*, thy vocation
Should be prolific, for 'tis *incubation* ;
Thy pious care brought *Egley* into *note*,
And still on *Gosling* some folk say you dote.

But to my plan. — To make the dull ones plod well,
Books for the use of *schools*, give Mr. *Rodwell* ;
And works on *painting* should you ever lack,
You need but brush to either *Grey* or *Black*.

From *Cowie*, works on *vaccination* fetch,
Pedestrian tours from *Walker*, or from *Stretch* ;
And if in search of *wonders* you should range,
Where can you seek them better than from *Strange*.

The suff'ring climbing boys our pity claim,
To aid their interests — *Suttaby*, I'd name ;
And as they're oft of *churchyard-terrors* slaves,
Print works to cure them, O ! *Moon*, *Boys* and *Graves* !

For plans of bridges *Arch* would be the best ;
For stairs and steps on *Banister* I'd rest :
All that relates to church or chapel holy,
I vote that such be *Elder's* business solely.

Sstinence on *diet* surely ought to treat ;
Joy gives us *human happiness* complete :
Tilt will all works on *tournament* enhance,
The *law* — Oh ! that of course I leave to *Chance*.

Priestley and *Chappell* may divide *theology*,
Hookham and *Roach* the angling and *ichthyology* ;
And for *Phrenology*, what need of rumpus,
One for his *Nob* will do, — so take it, *Bumpus* !

MOSES IN THE BULL RUSHES!

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

A broker Moses Aaron was
 Called Pawn, (but not chess-pawn you know :)
 None *moved him* while he played his game
 And gave his *checks* in Jewry Row.

An "open house" he seemed to keep
 To *take in strangers* as they pass'd:—
 When so much in the year was *Lent*,
 'Twas strange the house was not *made fast*.

His *clothes-door* he ne'er *closed*—nor feared
 An *injury* in *Jewry* rare:
 And living in the foremost house,
 Was *Foreman* of the *Jewry* there,

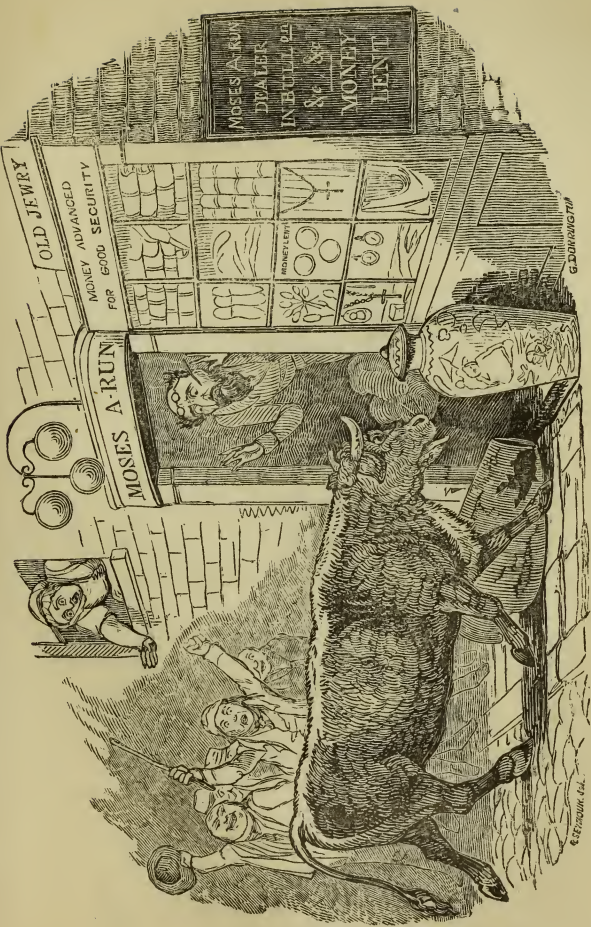
Shepherds, Gods, Cupids, sold or pawned
 (“ *Pledges of love*” pawned cupids, surely !)
Were near his door, which stood a-jar,
 And jars stood by his door securely !

An Ox o’er driven, who ’d run some miles,
 Half mad, rushed fierce to Moses’ door :
He ’d led the drovers such a dance,
 Who ’d think he ’d go to *Three Balls more !*

Thither they hied to seek the brute,
 Their skill at *hide and seek* to shew,
The leader wishing to make play
 Now strove to give his *horn a blow !*

Staring with wonder Moses stood,
 At seeing the strange creature stop :
Just as if this had been the first
 Strange article ‘popped’ in his shop !

Moses, who’d fain “black-ball” the beast,
 Bawled out three bawls, with wide-mouthed whine,
So ’stead of three gold balls, his shop
 Now bore of ‘bull and mouth’ the sign !



"Moses, in the Bull rushes!"

THE LAMENT OF MOSES.

“Where can I find concealment here,
From this great creature?” Moses cried :

“Tho’ ev’n a cat will yield a skin
I can’t get from this ox—a *hide* !

“’Twill shorten ev’n my winter days :
(A *bull-let-in* shews death is near !)
Unseasonably since he came,
You’ll soon see a *cold Jew-lie* here !

“I always had of kine a dread,
(Such *kindred* souls we often find,)
But you, Sir ox, being king of kine,
Deserting them you’re quite *unkind* !

“Some call me *uncle*, but I think
’Tis not my *relative situation* :
For I was busy as an *Ant*
When *hornets* brought such devastation !

“ All day I at my counter stood,
Counting (no counterfeit) my gains;
My counter-*tenour* trebles wealth,
Well pleased when I take counter-pains!

“ A Roman bull would never touch
An Israelite, no fear we're under ;
But this one's Irish, so of course
An Irish bull will make a *blunder* !

“ Oh look ! his *horns* and *legs* he thrusts
Thro' *Leg-horn* bonnets hung in air :
He makes *Cape Horn* of ladies *cap*es,
And *horn-books* of my volumes rare !

“ He broke into a broker's shop ;
Of goods of use, he makes bad use ;
Upsets my breakfast set, set out,
And breaks fast, after he broke loose

“ My jars a great *bull-versement* meet ;
Gold lace is bull-lace, change capricious !
Whate'er he treads on, bullion seems,
And many a step is in-jew-dish-ous !

“ Of life I ’ve not a *duplicate*,
No *pledge* of safety from his fury :
’Tween horns of a dilemma placed,
I ’m here *impannelled* in the jewry !”

* * * *

More had he said, but female sneer
From door and window full rushes,
And all exclaim with cruel jeer,
“ *See Moses ! in the bull rushes !*”

THE INSECT TRAVELLERS.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

(From the Italian of Bertóla.)

Two insects void of any merit,
But fir'd with an ambitious spirit,
Resolved to quit their native wood
“ Where no one felt or understood,”
They said, “ their talents or their worth.”
So on their travels they set forth,
Exclaiming, “ Surely we've been wrong
To stay in this dull place so long ;
Mixed with the low ignoble train
Of vulgar insects on the plain ;
Or crushed beneath the odious tread
Of beasts that in these pastures fed. —
Come, let us seek some nobler sphere
To claim the praise denied us here !”

They then discoursed upon the way,
And, on the third revolving day,
They reach'd a forest dark and frightful,
Tho' both pronounc'd it quite delightful ; —
Because 'twas peopled, strange to say,
With insects still more base than they ;
Feeble, yet venomous withal,
Form'd in the dust alone to crawl :
A race so groveling, vile and mean,
I think before was never seen ;
These noxious shades the shepherds fled,
Nor flocks nor herds amidst them fed.
' " Oh ! " cried our travellers, " this is well !
These are the woods in which to dwell ; —
Here let us rest our weary feet,
Nor in a low obscure retreat
Conceal our worth, but proudly reign
The monarchs of this swarming plain ;
Laws to the smaller fry dictate,
And ev'ry where maintain our state, —
And, as the ' travell'd insects,' claim
Pre-eminent respect and fame ! "

MORAL.

How many, Oh ! how many we
Like these presumptuous insects see,
Who, tho' they're justly scorn'd at home,
Assume importance when they roam.

MYSTIFICATION.

An Ower True Tale.

IT was getting late in the afternoon of one of the most sultry dog-days of that most sultry of all sultry summers, 1827, and John Padds, the Croydon carrier, was preparing for his diurnal migration from the Nag's Head, in the Independent Borough of Southwark,—(as it is invariably designated by all candidates at all general elections,)—to his Surrey head-quarters at the Old Swan, when his attention was attracted by the arrival of a new customer. It was indeed, at almost the very moment when his vehicle being nearly loaded, and its owner was rejoicing himself with a rough calculation of the probable profits of his journey, that a porter bending under the weight of a huge hamper, entered the inn-yard, and, inquiring for Mr. P.'s errand cart, deposited in it what he called significantly, “two ar-



Nag's head Inn!

ticles for old Slaughter of Croydon,—*he* knows *what*—which must be delivered that night, and he must cut them up directly.”

“ Aye, aye, he shall have ’em, never fear,” responded Mister Padds ; “ I go by his house to the stable, so I’m sure not to forget *him*, at any rate.”

The hamper-bearer having departed, the huge hamper being safely stowed, and all other preliminaries finally adjusted, the carrier now began seriously to address himself to his departure ; and, as a note of final preparation, took a last look to see that his packages were all in the cart, and all secure. A single glance of his professional penetration served to convince Mister Padds that every thing was correct :—“ Books for the parson ;—tea and ’bacco for the Angel ;—three cheeses for Muster Tadpole ;—’potticary’s stuff for Doctor Leech ;—a new bridle for the ’squire’s lady :—and summat mortal heavy for——eh!—what!—a outlandish great hamper for Surgeon Slaughter!—Eh! here’s a go!—*to be cut up directly, too!*—why they must be a *couple of corpses!*” ejaculated the affrighted carrier, as his eyes opened to the real contents of the hamper which he had so unwittingly taken under his especial care : and from the slight examination which he was then enabled to make of the suspicious package, his worst fears were confirmed!

Though he professed to be a general carrier, yet

Mister Padds had no notion of *such trunks* being packed up to go by his van; and still less did he like such passengers as those in the *basket*, to have places *inside*. To look for the porter, who had immediately absconded, or to ascertain from whence the hamper came, was now, of course, quite out of the question; to leave it behind was equally impossible; and in this dilemma, therefore, he very wisely resolved, *firstly*, to get rid of it as soon as he could; and *secondly*, not to expose himself, till he couldn't help it.

Strong in these virtuous resolutions, he was at last really on the point of starting, when a fresh annoyance presented itself, in a shape which his troubles had but too frequently assumed before, — that of his *wife*; who, having been to visit her cousins in Clerkenwell, had arranged to return home to Croydon, *per cart*, this identical afternoon. Here then was a new difficulty, for which the worthy carrier was perfectly unprepared. He had long since determined not to enter the cart in such company as he had been inveigled into taking with him; but how to manage with his better half, he knew not; Mistress P. not being *peculiarly manageable* at any time. Like many wiser men, therefore, her spouse sagaciously resolved to trust to circumstances, which might, perhaps, turn out better than he expected, and not to mention a subject which



“ Moon, Boys, and Graves !”

would infallibly lead to much vituperation, if not to a direct breach of the peace.

The lady, having taken her seat, was, however, very naturally inquisitive, as to why her husband did not mount also.

“ Oh! I wants to stretch my legs a little, my dear, that’s all; so I shall walk to Kennington, I think:” and though every one, who knew tall John Padds, likewise knew that his legs by no means wanted stretching, still this excuse, in default of a better, served him till their arrival at Kennington Common, when Peggy P. again solicited her spouse’s company in the carriage.

“ Noa, thank you, my love, noa; I may as well walk a little further, as I am out. It must be uncommon warm in the cart, I’m sure; and I wouldn’t crowd you for the world.”

Similar tender entreaties, and equally ingenious excuses, were made at Brixton, Streatham, and in fact, at every stoppage, as well as at every milestone, until their arrival at Croydon; the near appearance of which respectable market-town, in the clear and cloudless moonbeams of an August midnight, not a little cheered the drooping spirits of Mister Padds; whose thoughts, despite of his more than customary potations, had latterly been wandering amongst church-yards, Burkers, and resurrection men! Now, however, he was once more ap-

proaching the "haunts of men," paved streets, and inhabited houses ; and though, as he said, he would still have gladly given his ears,—which it must be confessed would have been a *very long* price,—to have got rid of the mysterious hamper as easily as he procured it, yet his spirits now so far recovered their customary elasticity, that he actually beguiled the remainder of his weary way by perpetrating a song.

A most emphatic "Woa, Smiler!" abruptly terminated his display of vocal melody, for the cart was now at Mr. Slaughter's door, the night bell of which Padds rung long and loudly, until, in anxious anticipation of a summons to some profitable patient, the surgeon, putting his bed-gowned body half out of an upper window, demanded the reason of being thus disturbed.

"Oh! you know well enough," replied our friend the Croydon carrier, in a suppressed tone; "I've brought you *them* as you expects!"

"Brought *what*?" exclaimed the professional gentleman.

"Why, the stiff-uns, I tell you; so make haste down, and take 'em in, will you, for I'm tired on 'em."

"You must be either drunk or deranged," responded the man of medicine; "What *do* you mean by stiff-ones, fellow?"

“ Well ! that *is* a good one ! You does n’t want me to tell all the neighbourhood, I suppose,” replied Padds, his voice gradually swelling above *caution-pitch*.

“ You must tell *me*, if I’m to know myself,” rejoined the surgeon ; “ What do you mean by stiff-ones ? speak intelligibly, man !”

“ Why, *subjects* !—CORPSES ! then ; and I was to tell you *they must be cut up directly*. So I suppose you knows *now*, doan’t you, doctor ?” screamed out John Padds, at the extreme pitch of a voice, which, loud as it proverbially ever was, he never before exerted half so effectually !

The result was as instantaneous as it was decisive ; for not only did divers heads in night-caps of all forms and colours, suddenly appear at every bedroom window within hearing of this most extraordinary colloquy, but Mistress P., (whom the sudden stoppage of the cart had already wakened from the slumbers induced by her husband’s singing,) upon thus abruptly hearing who had been her fellow-passengers, screamed out still more clamorously than her spouse, and bundling out of the vehicle, she never could tell exactly *how*, joined him upon the pavement. “ Confusion ” now became yet “ worse confounded : ” the surgeon loudly vociferated that the articles in question were none of his ; the carrier still more loudly contended that they were ; whilst

the carrier's lady, far more loudly than either, outscramed them both, by alternately vilifying her husband, and abusing the doctor. Nearly half an hour had been pleasantly passed in this gentle war of words, when, in the hope of closing the discussion, the surgeon closed his window, leaving his assailants, their cart, and the "stiff-ones," all in *statu quo* below. So very manifest a breach of etiquette was, however, not to be borne patiently; and thereupon, Mister Padds pulling the night-bell handle, as if he would extract it by the roots, and Mistress P. at the same moment seizing the knocker, very speedily summoned the medical gentleman to another consultation. Vainly did he then threaten them with the assizes and the treadmill; the carrier and his wife were both immoveable; and as by this time, many of his neighbours had dressed themselves, and sallied forth to see the end of it, Mr. S. at length capitulated, and came down stairs to settle the business.

"There they are!" bellowed out Mister Padds, "and much good may they do ye; and if ever I——"

"Stop, and see the basket unpacked first, if you please, Padds," interrupted the surgeon. "If it be for me, its contents are not what you suppose, and I insist on your being satisfied."

"Oh! that's impossible! they can't be nothing

else and I've had enough on 'em. I don't want nothing for bringing 'em."

Mr. Slaughter, the carrier, and the carrieress, now once more commenced all talking together; yet though kindly assisted by several of the neighbours, it was very soon found that bawling would not supply the place of argument at Croydon, though it has been known to do so elsewhere. At length, however, whilst the principal disputants were vociferating with an exuberance of voice and language, that would have done honour to Billingsgate in the sprat season, the curiosity of a portion of the company so far overcame their politeness, as to induce the opening of the hamper; when, to the unutterable astonishment of all parties, the vituperated "stiff-ones" were found to be two fine dead pigs!

"What a fool I must have been!" exclaimed Mister Padds,— "never once thought of Old Slaughter, the Pork butcher!"



An *Egg*-otist !

AN ODE !

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES,"

(*Addressed to Himself !*)

"Of all human weaknesses *egotism* is the most contemptible !"

Matthew Long.

To thee ! — who dost with equal skill indite
 Grave moving themes, or laughter-loving gay,
 Brilliant in all the various styles you write,
 The Muse, with justice, dedicates this lay ! —

In all thy wit there is a rare — *conceit* !
 And none can con thy prose without a smile :
 A just 'imperial measure' rules thy feet ;
 Thy guileless writings many cares beguile !

White, with *rime-frost*, I've mark'd a *prickly tree*,
 The thorn or brier in drear winter time ;
 And, in my mind, compared that thing to thee, —
 For all thy verse is full of — *points in rhyme !*

Well I remember, when to public view
 Thy maiden work was given, and it won
 Such praise as joy'd thine heart : — Oh ! if 'tis true,
 ' Our days are *number'd*' — that was *Number One !*

Off time hath *picked thy locks* : — yet still write
 rhyme,
 In which all *future* poets shall be *past !*
 And fear no rival : — on the stream of Time
 A '*pair of skulls*' like thine — are seldom *cast !*

When thou (sad thought !) shall cease to write or
 think ;
 And vainly to arrest thee, friends cry "*Woe !*"
 Thy Foolscap perish'd, and dried up thine ink,
 By Death (who takes all gouty men in *toe !*)

How bold thou 'lt stand the Ferry-boat within,
 And *raise their spirits* as with *Ghosts* thou'lt mix :
 With laughter making *grim* old Charon *grin*,
 And *lighting*, with thy brilliant wit, his *Styx !*

PARODY ON "SO WARMLY WE MET."

BY "THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE."

So coolly we met, and so warmly we parted,
 That which was most bitter e'en I could not tell;
 The dark fiendish scowl which, at meeting, she
 darted,
 Or that blow of passion she struck with "Fare-
 well!"

The first was like Hecate's, fierce, glaring and
 spiteful,
 The dawn of a malice scarce kindled up yet:
 The last on my brow made this impress most
 frightful,
 Most glowing and deep that a hand ever set!

To meet was a horror ! to part thus another ;
Her *tongue* and her *hands* might contend for a
prize ;

Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
Than *these* for their "*fibbing*," and *that* for its *lies* !

Our meeting, tho' hateful, some comfort did borrow
From the thought of how soon we 'd be sunder'd
again :

While at parting, I griev'd to reflect that to-morrow
Such a mark of our meeting on me would remain !



IMPORTANT INQUIRIES.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Answered by Louisa. H. Sheridan.

SOME persons are not only “witty themselves, but the cause of wit in others.”

Certain philosophical queries, sent me recently by Miss S. recalled to my mind those dear days of clever nonsense, when I belonged to a set who, even in November, emulated Elia’s first of April fête, and were ‘All fools,’ all the year round. Again in idea did I hear—

“When did Harvey invent the circulation of the blood?”

“Why did Mrs. Montague, the mother of all the chimney sweeps, found May-day?”

“How much did Shakespeare care for Voltaire’s criticisms?” &c. &c.

Thus we quoted our betters, besides substituting the word *genteel* for gentle, and adding a *y* to *grave*

in our ‘poetic readings,’ not to mention the alterations of ‘before’ and ‘behind,’ ‘with a head,’ and ‘with a tail,’ at the end of each line in verse. “There is more fooling yet, an I could remember it.” Oh! singing Gray’s elegy to the tune of *Speed the Plough!* Thus,—(pray observe the appropriateness of the time.)

*Here rests his hea-hea-head, upon this lap of ea-ea-earth,
A youth to-oo fortu-une and to fame unkno-o-own ;
Fair science frow-ow-own’d not on his humble bir-ir-irth,
And melancholy marked him for-or her-er own !
And melancholy marked him,
Melancholy marked him,
Me-lan-an-choly marked him for-or her-er own.
Fair science, &c. &c.*

Or getting into the original air all these additional words to the old song in Blue Beard.

“When pensive I thought on my considerably dear love,

The moon on the highest portions of the mountains
shone particularly bright ;
And Philomel down in the very innermost depths of
the grove,
Broke all into little bits the silence of night !” &c.

But to return:—the queries which I received suggested the following absurdities, some of which perhaps deserve replies.

[I sent the questions of Miss Hill, to a friend who took a fancy to write replies to them : but he being *tres paresseux* has neglected his promise until too late ; so, rather than omit the article, I have hastily put answers to these 'quaint queries' : but each of my readers can frame answers *selon leur gout*. L. H. SHERIDAN.]

QUESTION. Did the English girl, whose sailor promised to '*love her while the clouds dropped rain,*' sigh for *better days* ?

ANSWER. While she flirted with his rival, a *fair-weather* beau : but when the latter forsook her, she again sung "Long to *rain* over us !"

Q. Where is '*Port Behold,*' mentioned in the song of the Cabin Boy ?

A. Somewhere on the *Sec-coast* !

Q. Can any *radical* cures be performed by *mush-room* or *mistletoe* ?

A. They cannot *root* out any complaint until they are *radically* re-formed !

Q. Would a *sloth* become *active* if fed upon *hasty pudding* ?

A. Yes, if it "moved him to the *quick* !"

Q. What medicine would have relieved *Daniel Lambert* from a pain in the *small* of his back ?

A. None, as his complaint must have been *fat-al*.

Q. Can a *Negress* be a '*Blue*' ?

A. If she work in the *Indigo* plantations !

Q. Can any Quaker be a *steady friend* ?

A. Not any of the '*shaking* Quakers.'

Q. How do dexterous pickpockets acquire a sinister look ?

A. They depart from the rule of *right*, and love to make property ‘*change hands*.’

Q. What beverage caused the inebriation of David’s swinish favourite ?

A. Some *wash-y* potation, drank by the *hogshead*!

Q. Is a man left-handed who has only his *right hand left*?

A. Not if he make a *right* use of it !

Q. As the beggar girl says she has “three little brothers *at home when they’re old enough*,” state the usual age for domesticating juvenile mendicants beneath the paternal roof?

A. This is a *home* question, in which I am quite abroad : seek proper authority, by ‘*begging* the question.’

Q. In what order did the procession leave the ark, since we are told that Noah came *forth* ?

A. He was preceded by his *three* sons.

Q. Does carrying a full pail on one’s head, from the well, produce *water on the brain* ?

A. There *is* water on the brain for the time : if you are not *near well*, it implies you must be *ill*; and if you *turn over pail*, the chance is you may *kick the bucket* !

Q. Can Borawlaski, the dwarf, be gone to his *long home* ?

A. When on his deathbed they said he was *going there shortly* !

Q. Is the emancipation of the Blacks a fair question ?

A. Yes, if no *unfair colouring* be given to it !

Q. If a collector explored the haunts of vice, for a rarity, could he still be called a virtuoso ?

A. Rather a virtue-so-so !

Q. Does a ship in stays suffer from tight lacing ?

A. Yes, if her *waist* be strained !

Q. How many *jokes* may an *Arch* Bishop allow himself daily ?

A. Not many : if *too arch*, the *See* might be *abridged*, which would be no *joke*, but *a-cross* accident.

Q. What is the difference between the expression of our ideas, and the expression of linseed oil ?

A. Linseed oil requires *the Press* ; but our ideas had better be kept from it !

Q. Is any thing worth doing, with the certainty that it is only for *once* ?

A. Saying to one of the ‘ horrors ’ of society, “ *Adieu* for ever ! ”

Q. Do violets *cease* to be modest when they *grow wild* ?

A. Not if they be of a *proper* sort !

Q. How well is — “ as *well* as can be *expected* ? ”

A. Frequently much *better* than is *wished* !



Mrs. Bridges :—an *arch* countenance !

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Apollo from Olympus strayed,
 Enchanted by a mortal maid,
 Who fled from the intruder :
 Her coyness, as is oft the case,
 But gave new ardour to the race,
 And so—he still pursued her !

One year *he* follow'd and *she* flew :
 (A life of misery she knew
 An ill-assorted match meant :)
 Jove changed her to a laurel-tree,
 And so Apollo's proved to be
 An *ever-green* attachment !

Too *deeply rooted* may be thought
 Poor Daphne's dread of being caught :
 But do not miss the moral :
 She seems to say, " Receive, young bard,
 From WOMAN's praise, your best reward,
 From WOMAN's smile, your *laurel* !"



The Belle's letters.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ALPHABET.

BY G. J. D. BUTLER DANVERS, ESQ.

A's admiration she's dying to gain,
B is the beauty of which she is vain ;
C is the charm which it's sure to impart,
D is the dandy who loses his heart ;
E are the eyes which our senses entrance,
F is the fiddle inviting to dance ;
G is the governess oft in a pet,
H is the husband she's anxious to get ;
I is the income she hears he possesses,
J are the jewels to set off her tresses ;
K is his knock at the door so desired,
L is the love with which he's inspired ;

M is mamma, not appearing to hear
N the soft nothings he breathes in her ear :
O is the offer he makes her of marriage,
P is the pleasure of having a carriage ;
Q are the questions she's asked by each friend,
R 's the report that ' the thing's at an end !'
S are the settlements sweet to behold,
T is the timber Pa says must be sold ;
U is the umbrage they take at delay,
V are the vows which they utter each day :
W 's the wedding so often deferred,
X joined to X was her age she averred ;
Y is the youth she has chosen for life,
Z is her zeal to become a good wife !

PITY THE POOR BLIND!

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF EMILY COURTEVUE.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

“The *glass* of Fashion!”---

“Alas! poor short-sighted human beings!”

“Blind-fold ye rush upon your fate!”

BRIGHT-EYED reader! before I confide to you the following events of my *important* life, allow me to ask what is the use of that beautiful *chain* round your neck? Oh, I perceive there is an equally elegant *eye-glass* attached to it;—pray excuse my curiosity, which must have seemed impertinent and unfeeling; but really, from the appearance of your eyes, I should not have known *you* were one of those objects of pity who are *deprived by nature* of that first of all enjoyments, *good sight*; but here I observe your brothers and sisters, parents, and other relations, approaching in a large family-group, each obliged to wear the badge of a similar misfortune: here are several visitors coming in, all with the same

melancholy appendage, — and I declare every rider and driver who has passed through your street has been forced to assist his or her feeble optics by artificial means ! How extraordinary that I should meet so many fellow-sufferers ! but you will all be able to sympathise better with one afflicted like yourselves. A cynic whispers to me that you can all see remarkably well, and these superb chains and glasses are worn merely as a *fashion* : but this I cannot credit, for independent of the moral feeling which would prevent you from a practical untruth, surely it would be a madness to pretend to be *more defectively formed* than we are in reality ! In a case of fashion, too, I should think the deformity-ornament would not be confined always to an eye-assister, but some gay leader of *ton* would suspend from a sparkling chain the remedy for some other natural defect, such as a spine-supporter, an ear-trumpet, or even an extra wig, as the Hussars wear their spare jackets slung over their shoulders ! No ! it is evident that *all* English persons of fashion are *born blind*, as well as kittens and puppies. So now for a few of my adventures.

I was born in one of those dark four o'clock evenings, about Christmas, which children designate as 'Blindman's holiday,' in the year 1802, a date which figuratively conveyed to my medical attendant a caution to attend to my sight, thus MDCCCII, said to

him plainly, "M. D. — see, see, see, eye, eye!" Yet although I was fated to *B*, I was not at first fated to *C*! and if I caused *D*-light to my parents, I had no *E*'s in my *I*'s: — but where is the use of thus stating my early griefs "*au pied de la lettre*."

As I grew up, my sight became rather better than was expected, and I was enabled to distinguish the situation and colour of objects, but yet indistinctly as if I were looking at them through ground-glass: and being thus always surrounded by a *mist*, it is not wonderful I was so often *mist-taken*.

I scarcely know where to begin with my adventures: as it is usual to commence with *infancy*, I will state one of my visits to a house where there was a "wee bit bairn" about six weeks old. I was a little Miss in my teens at that time, and always received directions as to the exact line of conduct I was to pursue: on this day my parting instructions were, "to say a hundred civil things for mamma, and to ask permission to see the baby, which I was to kiss in the most affectionate manner." After having said about *ten per cent.* of mamma's speeches, I very properly asked to see the "*dear little child*;" and the lady having rung the bell, *somebody* carrying *something* entered the room and approached me: I prepared my smile, and began exclamations about beauties I could not see; when, horror of horrors! the dark-coloured *somebody* passed



Standing Dishes !

me, and flung his burden on the fire ! Reader, we were in France, and the ‘sweet child’ was a log of wood brought to replenish the most comfortable of all artificial heats !

I dare say my matron friend was very angry, but I did not *see* her rage, and I don’t know what she *said*, as I was actually deaf with confusion. Peel the second being now rung on the bell, I determined to wait for some sure signal before I committed myself.—The door opened ;—“ Here is the baby !” said the delighted mother ; there were two groups entering at the door, one advancing towards my side of the table, the other to the lady ; being now certain of making no mistake, I determined to efface the impression of my late folly, and springing up as the huge baby approached, (it looked in its long white clothes nearly half as large as myself !) I exclaimed, “ What a lovely child ! I never saw any thing so beautiful, or so like you ! why the darling creature is twice as large as any baby I ever saw !” Here having gone near enough to distinguish, amidst the vast expanse of *white* drapery, *something coloured* which I knew must be its *head*, and another little object, which doubtless was its *hand*, I seized hold of the latter, and applied my lips at a venture to the former :—I screamed with terror and surprise ! the hand was dead cold, and melted in my grasp, adhering to my fingers, while the face was boiling

hot, and scalded my poor lips and nose unmercifully : in my agony I knocked the extraordinary thing out of the wondering servant's hands, and when it reached the ground I discovered by the jingling sound, that I had been caressing the *luncheon tray*, shaking hands with some *honey*, and kissing a basin of the invalid's *soup*, in full boil !

How I found my way to our carriage, I cannot conceive : very likely the lady threw me out of her drawing-room window : I never saw her again, and I was comforted at home by a severe lecture from everybody, about my '*giddiness*,' as they always termed my misfortunes !

* * * *

I had been introduced to a very charming family, whose friendship I greatly wished to cultivate : they were what is termed '*serious* persons,' and the purity of their doctrines, joined to unaffected charity, and amiable habits, created in me a feeling of great attachment. Our English clergyman was one of those uninteresting drones who injure the cause of holiness ; so my new friends preferred having the service at home, read by their own family ; and to this I was admitted as a great favour. On Sunday, having dressed myself with all possible simplicity, I went to my brother's study for a prayer-book which he told me was on his table : I saw he had *two* of them just alike, so taking one, I proceeded to

my friends, and as I was ashamed to wear my spectacles, opened the book and turned the leaves mechanically, knowing by heart every part of the service. When it was over, we conversed for some time, and one of the young men taking up my book by chance, opened it : he abruptly ceased speaking, and handed my book to his father, who, as soon as he read the title page, rang the bell and desired his servant to attend me home, gravely bidding me "by all means to take away my valuable book !"

I was very indignant at being dismissed like a 'naughty child,' for I was at the age of imaginary dignity, fifteen : as I was going to relate my griefs at home, the young Comte Morier came in to ask for a book which he had left the preceding evening by mistake in my brother's study. The work having been sought for in vain, the owner with great surprise suddenly exclaimed, "I believe that is the volume in Mademoiselle Emily's hand," and too surely my supposed prayer-book proved to be one of those brilliant but highly immoral works which abound in French literature, and which would never have been even allowed within our house by any member of the family ! I wrote to explain to my friends that I did not so much as know the work by name, I had unfortunately taken to their house ; that it belonged to a stranger, and resembled in binding my prayer-book : but my letter was return-

ed unopened, and I received my usual comfort of a lecture-domestic for my 'giddiness' again!

* * * * *

On our return to England, I had been with mamma to the Soho Bazaar, and when we arrived at home she missed her purse, which had been left at one of the counters. My step-father (who was always cross) talked of *her* 'giddiness' until he worked himself into a rage, and said I must go with him to point out the counter. He walked sulkily by my side to the Bazaar, where, after a world of trouble we found the purse, and off he strode again, preparing to give mamma a second edition of the lecture. As we passed Grosjean's harp warehouse, in the Square, some person was preluding delightfully on my favourite instrument, and I lingered to listen, quite forgetting the humour in which my companion was at the time. When the player finished, I was frightened at my own temerity, and running out of the shop, took hold of my step-father's arm just as he was preparing to go away. He was still silent and sullen, (at which I rejoiced, for I had expected a scolding) but he seemed very absent, knocking against everybody, until all the people made way for us, and his strange mood caused the boys to follow us. The crowd increased, and we went down a dirty wet street, to avoid them, I supposed: we took several turnings, and at length reached a house



La *Bell* Assemblée !

from whence proceeded sickening fumes of spirits and tobacco. My companion, as he reached the door, staggered and fell in the street, dragging me with him, and calling out with an oath for a Police-man, as he said I belonged to some gang of pickpockets, who meant to rob him ! Never shall I forget the horror of that moment, when the sound of a *strange* voice reached my ears, and, (as I started up in desperation) I heard from a bystander that I was at the door of a coffee-house in Bloomsbury ! female nature could endure no more terror, and I fainted ! On my recovery, I joyfully recognized my own dear little French bed, and learnt that my step-father, not choosing to wait for my musical fancies, had walked on, in order to frighten me at being left alone ; supposing, however, that I should have been able to find my way : when five minutes had elapsed without my arrival, he began to repent of his experiment, and despatched two servants to look for me in the square, where they found that ‘ the young lady in mourning ’ whom they described, had gone away leaning on a decent looking tradesman, who seemed rather elevated ! They lost no time in following me, and reached the luckless spot just as ‘ *syncope* ’ had put a friendly stop to my woes.

As soon as I was well, bless me ! what lectures on

‘*giddiness*’ I received, mixed with wonderings that I could mistake a tradesman for my stepfather !

* * * * *

Heigho ! I believe my next adventure was falling in love,—which by all accounts is the most incurable of all blindness ! Two cousins, college friends of my brother’s, were staying at our house, and *selon les regles*, one of them had the wondrous good taste to fall in love with me, for which I was as grateful as he could wish. Poor fellow ! how delightfully he used to sing, “ Love in thine eyes for ever plays ! ” though I often used to think if love *played* in *my* eyes, it must have been *a game of Blindman’s buff* ! My friends were particularly averse to our attachment, as *he* had no money : and as *I* was in the same pleasant circumstances, his cousin was violently opposed to our union, and used to speak in such unmeasured terms to us both, that I actually hated him ! Nothing in fact could be more different than the characters of these two young men (although in personal appearance, and even in their voices, their resemblance was astonishing) ; my lover was frank, noble, generous and confiding ; the other mean, artful, selfish and unprincipled, to a shocking degree.

There is something delightful in being persecuted for loving a man whose only defect is want of money ! To hear daily “ My dear child, Mr. ——’s

character, talents, education, manners, appearance, connexions are all excellent; but how could you *live* on such trifling means?" — then one goes away smiling, and *singing mentally* —

“ A little store would serve his turn

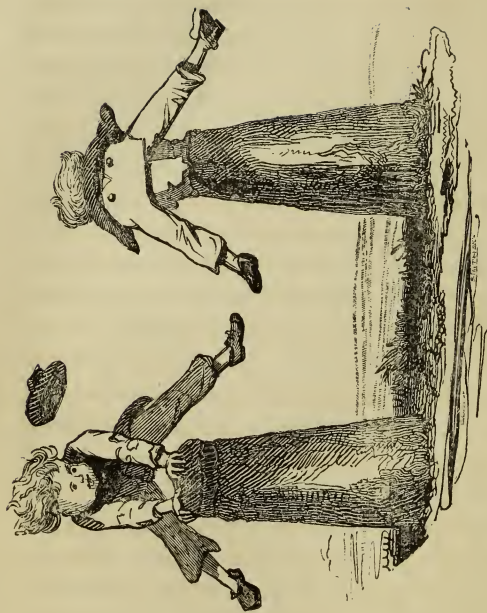
If I might only share it !” —

and then the happy anticipations of ‘better days’ ! Well, all this is just as it should be : parents ought to be considerate and careful, and young persons disinterested and confiding, — to the end of the chapter.

After having endured a sufficient quantity of good advice, thwarting, &c. &c., we began to talk of an elopement, and love in a cottage, which sounded so well, we “fixed an early day,” or rather night, for the adventure. Never was anything better planned ; and when a faint signal light was exhibited where the carriage waited, I hastened down stairs, leaving my purse on the table in my hurry, although it was not a matter which we could very well spare ! I however recollected it before I opened the hall-door, and ran upstairs again in the dark, turning the lock-handle most cautiously ; the door gave a loud creak as I threw it open, and discovered — my stepfather sitting up reading ! I had taken the wrong turn on the lobby, and gone to his dressing-room, where he sat *glaring* through his spectacles at me in my fur-pelisse, muff, bonnet, and other

walking *paraphernalia*, at three o'clock of a winter's morning! Here was my project detected, and Clarence consequently forbidden the house. This last measure of course only set my wits at work more busily than before, and in a week we had a fresh plan. The signal this time was to be something gently thrown against my window, and such was Clarence's impatience, that he came an hour before the time; however I was ready, and extinguishing my light, I crept to the stair-head window, where a ladder was to have been placed:—I opened it, and getting on the ledge, felt the side of the ladder, to which I had stretched out my foot, but not finding the step, I lost my balance, and screaming 'Clarence!' fell like his namesake into a butt,—not of wine, but cold sooty rain-water,—having mistaken for the ladder, one of the pipes from the top of the house. To increase my sufferings, I had taken the sound of rain, beating against my window, for the signal, and no one was there to assist me until my cries brought my everlasting step-father to the spot. When expectant Clarence arrived, he had the satisfaction of seeing his intended bride, by torch-light, pulled out of a water-butt, and looking like a specimen of wet sea-weed.

My family now removed to Scarborough, I suppose by way of keeping me safe: and here an unexpected change occurred in my fortunes, as an old



Post Boys!

relation died, and left me heiress to a considerable property. I was sitting in melancholy musings one day, when I was surprised by a visit from Clarence's cousin, who still having admission to our house, was to negotiate our third attempt. Every thing went right this time; and the active postboys drove us in an incredibly short time to Gretna, where, in a cold grey morning I was united (half dead with terror) to Clarence. I was so much afraid of being stopped by my relations, that I was carried fainting into the carriage, which took us to the coast, where we embarked for the Continent. Would I had never recovered my senses to find myself in a foreign land, the wife of that perfidious cousin, whom I had ever detested, and who on hearing of my fortune, had determined to supplant his friend by some means or other, in which he had but too well succeeded, by similarity of name, voice and appearance!

* * * * *

I will pass over the description of my feelings on first discovering my "blind bargain": in fact, I was nearly reduced to death by my grief; but as my family, on my return, were very kind to me, and my husband always most attentive, time had its usual effect in softening down a sense of misfortune.

My "false, — perjured Clarence" was particularly fond of society; and to accommodate his taste, I was obliged to enter into it, though with a heavy

heart ; and here, as usual, my blindness continually brought me into trouble.

We were extremely intimate with two families, who were quite the “Montagues and Capulets” of our Square, and who *loved* each other with the most deadly hatred possible. What schemes and plans we were obliged to form, in order to prevent an accidental meeting between the ‘houses’ ! In this we succeeded admirably, until one day I called on the Capulets,’ and left a card (as I thought) of my own name. This was another of my mistakes, for I had taken off my desk a card of the ‘Montagues’ !

This unsought intrusion of the foe, was considered as an insult by the indignant ‘Capulets’, who actually returned the card in a blank cover to the supposed intruders ; the latter were furious, as may be imagined ; and some of the usual busybodies having ascertained it was a mistake, they decided that the card had been left by some one as a joke, and a very impertinent one !

“Who left the card ?” asked the senior Capulet of his servant, a newly-caught country lad.

“Why, I minds very well, sir, nobody come that day, but a lady with a great tall red-and-brown footman, with such a long pole in his hand, and she blinked up her eyes, and she says, says she, laughing, ‘I ’m afraid you ’ll forget to shew this card, and I wishes the family to see it !’ says the lady to me, sir.”

“Then the impertinent author of this insulting *joke* is evidently Mrs. Clarence —, with her half-shut eyes, and her gigantic footman in brown and crimson!” Such was the outcry of the ‘house of Capulet,’ as I heard afterwards from a ‘good-natured friend.’ No explanation availed: as I was known to be fond of laughing, it was insinuated that it was just like what I would do! and we had an eternal feud with both families, who, I believe, would almost have *met* together to do us an injury or annoy us in any way!

* * * * *

My husband was particularly careful of our money, which happened not to be his own; and having frequently spoken of the expense of a newspaper, I relinquished taking one, trusting to some kind friend for ‘a peep’ at theirs. I was agreeably surprised by receiving an offer of the Morning Post from Miss Smirke, a girl who, I thought, cared for nothing but quizzing people, and who was also related to one of our quondam friends. She continued to send it for a week, and I suppose would have gone on longer, but circumstances prevented her *kind* intentions. I was just able, when I wore my spectacles, to puzzle slowly over the paragraphs, and make them out for my own amusement, which so far rendered me independent of others. When I

went out, I naturally asked had persons seen so-and-so in their paper? — No, *my* news was *always* news, and I used to think others very stupid: deaths, births, marriages, parties, all were unknown till I related them. Having read one morning that a concert was to take place in the evening, I wished to make a party, and invited all my casual visiters to join me; there were the Sneerwell girls, to whom I owed an invitation, but did not wish to have them at home, as they were always dissatisfied; my sister-in-law, who hated me, and therefore could not refuse, although she would almost rather have been hanged: a parcel of beaux who could not bear music, but did not wish to give up their claim to my dinners: in short I had the usual ‘component parts’ of a public-place-expedition. Having related to them all I had read, viz. that the long-neglected Pantheon Theatre was to be fitted up in very great splendour for the occasion, honoured by the presence of some of the Royal Family, and the concert supported by all the best musical talent: we set off, but not until I had missed the step of the carriage, slipped into the kennel, and splashed Lady Saveall’s rose-satin gown past repair, while I hurt my own dear chin against the carriage-door. We drove down Oxford street,—no lights at the Pantheon,—nothing but dolls, baskets, and copper jewellery *à l’ordinaire*: on inquiry the servants found that there was no sort of



On the *wrong* side of 40 !

entertainment there, as the poor old theatre was falling to ruin for many years past !

This was considered a hoax of mine again, and I had to take the grumbling party home, with a happy prospect of amusing them : I thought the evening would never terminate.

I had written to an old, poor, and very cross spinster, a day or two previous, to congratulate her on her marriage with a person of great wealth, which was announced in the Morning Post : on the day after my concert-failure, she called, and, in a voice of suppressed fury, asked what I meant ? I mentioned my authority, and she insisted on seeing the paper, which by some accident had not been returned : (I afterwards learned she *had* been engaged to this gentleman in early life, but he broke off the match on discovering her bad temper :) I brought in the paper most triumphantly to a room full of people, and there she certainly saw the well-known paragraph, which had appeared *thirty years before* ! She referred to the date, which was correct, — but holding it against the light, her Argus eyes discovered that a *fresh date* had been carefully pasted over the original one, and thus all the mysteries were explained, — the *witty* Miss Smirke had taken the trouble of preparing an old file of newspapers, which my blindness had not detected, and thus I had been in the habit of daily relating *news* which

was thirty years old ! killing people who were not even ill — marrying again those who were married already, — and bestowing sons and daughters in a manner which often caused my own astonishment !

* * * * *

One great cause of my being more reconciled to my unfortunate marriage than I should otherwise have been, was the lover-like devotion and attention I received constantly from my husband : my naturally affectionate and jealous nature had not been improved by my style of reading, and I expected to find a model of constancy in the man I honored with my hand : of Clarence I had not the slightest cause of complaint, and although I considered as my *right* every attention he could bestow on me, still I gave him some credit for loving so fondly one who only tolerated him from unavoidable necessity.

One morning he received a note from our banker's, desiring his immediate presence in the city, and after expressing his vexation at being prevented from driving with me, took his departure, saying he would "reckon the minutes until he came back." I had no wish to drive alone, so having my bonnet on, I resolved to go and call on a young friend at the opposite side of the square, and told the servant he need not attend me. When I had gone past a few doors, I remembered a new song I had been composing for my friend, and turning back for the

manuscript music, I knocked at the door, passed without any question the servants in the hall and on the stairs, and hastily entered the drawing-room. Not my *own* drawing-room, however, but that of the *next house*, (which was so like, that I had mistaken the door) in which resided a gay widow, whose style and manners I did not admire, a former love of Clarence's, whom he did not consider sufficiently steady in her conduct for me to visit. I was only in the first drawing-room, and I heard by her voice that the 'horror' was in the room adjoining; so I was preparing to steal out without notice, if possible, when my attention was fixed by the voice of her companion in reply to her tender speech: it was the deep, sweet, impassioned tone of my husband, pouring forth in his elegant manner those professions of devotion to which I had so often listened with satisfaction, although without regard.

At first I thought I might be again deceived, in taking one cousin for the other; but I soon heard an allusion to my delicate health, which would doubtless soon free the speaker from chains that were hateful to him! And thus ended my romance.

* * * * *

Had I even loved him to distraction, I would have parted with him for the mere fact of visiting voluntarily a person unfit for me to know: so I instantly went abroad and lived in a French

family for some years, during which time I learnt that my husband was killed in a duel ; and all these repeated shocks had affected me so much, that I looked quite an old woman, at five-and-twenty. One day I received a letter in a hand that in former days had often caused my heart to bound, as my feeble eyes deciphered the beautiful Italian writing. It was from my late husband's cousin, the living Clarence, respectfully requesting me to let him again possess a miniature of myself which he had felt bound to return after my marriage. As he did not ask to see me, although he was staying in the village near our Chateau, I had not resolution to refuse his request ; the portrait had been drawn ten years previously, and the good old French Comtesse said the costume was a complete horror ! I therefore sent for an artist, to alter the coiffure before it went away, and the next day (oh ! female vanity, when dost thou slumber where there is a question of personal appearance !) I went to the Comtesse for her opinion previously to sitting to the artist. She praised the *remains* of my good looks, and said I wanted some paint : I was indignant, and said I never would use any. She soothed and petted me, telling me it was but for half an hour,—and (I am ashamed to confess it) a wish to appear well in my former lover's eyes, induced me to agree for the first and last time in my life to put



Rouge et Noir !

on some rouge. The Comtesse was enchanted, kissed both my cheeks, and said I was an angel; then desiring me to go to her dressing-room, she described where I should find a box of red powder which I was to rub on with my finger, and then lightly wipe my cheeks. Accordingly I went, felt for the little round box in the exact spot she named, and having dipped in my fingers, ascertained it held a soft powder: this I rubbed on my face, and having wiped off the 'extra quantity,' I was running to to look at myself, when I heard the maid coming, and I ran down stairs to the painter, to whom I apologized for detaining him. He interrupted me (most strangely for a Frenchman) by a peal of laughter, and asked had I seen my face? I now recollected that perhaps the rouge was too thick, so I approached the mirror, and put on my spectacles. Well might he laugh, for I had '*rouged*' myself with *charcoal tooth-powder* until I was only fit for the sweeps' procession on May-day!

* * * * *

My adventures are, I trust, almost at an end, as by a happy chance my eyes are nearly restored: the miniature was finished, and sent to Clarence, who soon after requested permission to call and thank me. When our first painful interview was over, we fell into a most brother-and-sister-like friendship; and so, I *believe*, we are to remain!

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

Translated from the Italian.

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

ONCE, in the city of Bordeaux,
 Two sturdy Capuchins,
 (Who gained from wicked people alms
 By washing out their sins),

Beside a guard-house stopped to rest,
 And each his body bends ;
 Saying humbly to the soldiers there
 “ May *peace* be with you, friends !”

The soldiers, who in France are not
 Oppressed with many qualms,
 Said, “ Sirs, we hope, then, (*gratefully*)
 That *you*’ll receive *no alms* !”

“ Oh fie ! my sons, such wicked jests
We scarcely can forgive ;
For surely you must be aware
By *alms* alone *we* live.”

The soldiers said, “ *Your* trade ’twould spoil
If alms-giving should cease :
And, just the same, *our* trade would fail,
Were all the world *at peace* !”

A DREAM.

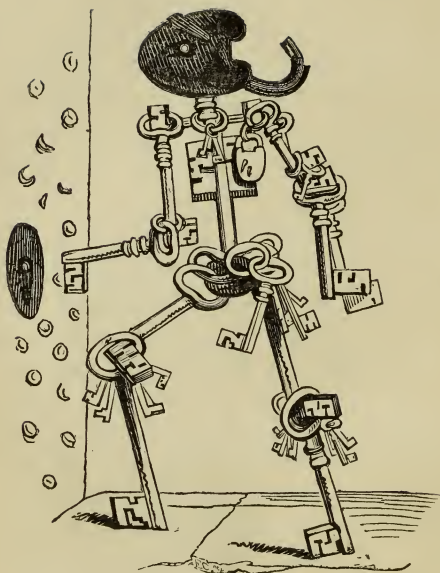
BY J. B. ESQ.

LAST night I had a terrific dream :
 Methought huge demons came
 And held me in torture till I'd sing
 A song on the theme they'd name.

The theme they chose was a felon's fate, —
 A sad, a fearful thing ; —
 And they shook great chains,—grinning hideously,
 As, half-mad, I began to sing !

* * * *

“ A song you want, a song I'll sing,
 Without circumlocution :
 I'll sing you one which, tho' not long,
 Is full of *execution*.



Skeleton keys !

“ A *knotty point* it doth contain,
Worth while on it to use paper
’Tis how a *beau* came to an *end*,
And may be called a *noose*-paper

“ My style I shall *compress* — my theme
They *cut down*, e’en before me :
And not one verse will I sing *twice*
That would *re-verse* my story.

“ I went to see a man perform
(And that, too, for the last time)
Upon a tight rope : — such as he
Had often done in *pastime*.

“ And as he looked upon the *crowd*,
Thoughts *crowded* in his mind ;
And no rest for his *sole* found he,
Nor *solace* could he find.

“ ‘ Alas ! ’ cried he, ‘ would I might leave
This *post* without dishonour :
This *lofty* dignity I find
Is nought but *hemp-tie* honour !

“ ‘ And tho’ I must confess I wished
To change my former station,
I did not fancy *this* new line,
Nor so much *halteration* !

“ ‘ Both *highways* and *low ways* I’ve tried,
A *transport* oft has moved me ; —
But though my *walk* in life was bad,
Has a *New-gait* improved me ?

“ ‘ I know not whether you all know
What brought me to this place ;
But yet I think you must agree
It was a *trying* case : —

“ ‘ I knew, if once they *took me up*,
To *drop me* they’d intention :
So (like a meaning spelling-book)
My ‘*fear*’ meant ‘*apprehension* !’

“ ‘ *He* who *approved* and joined my plan
Has turned *approver*, fitted :
He, too, *committed criminal* act,
Sole *criminal* I’m *committed* !

“ ‘ From *case in brief* each lawyer made
A *long case*, I assure ye :
By *perjury* I suffered not,
But suffer now *per jury* !

‘ ‘ The judge *summed up* — I felt *cast down* ; —
(*Addition-al* repentance !)
He *stopped* the *period* of my life
When he’d pronounced my *sentence* !

‘ ‘ The *counsel privy* to my woes
No *privy council* ’tended :
To make the judge *suspend* my fate,
Who’d bid me be *suspended* !

“ ‘ I meant to *sketch* you and your fate
If you lead lives unsteady :
But by my *elevation-plan*
I’ve *drawn* you here already !

“ ‘ I oft have read of service where
‘ No *followers* were admitted :’
To me ’twould be of service if
No *danglers* were permitted !

“ ‘ In days of youth I’ve often been
 Pike-fishing with a friend :
And oh ! young friends take warning, for
 Jack-ketching is my end !

“ ‘ The thread of my discourse I’d weave
 In many a way beside ;
But men of Bow, my thread of life
 In a hard knot have tied.

“ ‘ And even my solicitor
 Solicits I’ll not hope
That aught will take the ‘ beam from my eye,’
 Or let me *cut* the rope !

“ His friends beneath the fatal *tree*
 All took their *leaves*, and ‘ Now,’
Quoth he, ‘ when I am hanged hereon,
 I too shall make a *bough* !

“ ‘ Although I think this gallows beam
 Which I shall soon be on,
Already hath had, like some great men,
 Too many *hangers-on* !”



A reporter taking notes !

“ The drop then fell, and people all
The man with terror saw dance,
Tho’ all could see that he with law
Was dying in *a-cord-dance* !

“ And as his *feet* were in the air,
I thought that, on the whole,
I never saw in any man
Such loftiness of sole !

“ And people said, when they had seen
His debt of nature paid off,
How quickly of a *traitor* a
Good *subject* may be made of.

“ But ere ten minutes had elapsed
All disquisition stopped :
And the *subject* was, from that time forth
Effectually *dropped* !” ——

The demons, — when this horrid lay
Was o’er, — howled “ that’s delightful
But rack thy brain to sing again
Some tale of crime, more frightful !”

* * * *

* * * *

Then suddenly a change came o'er
My dream, when I'd heard this : —
My sister was hanging round my neck,
And woke me with a kiss !

Some 'Tales of Trials' I'd read late
At night : — their style unwonted,
With dying speech and awful end
My slumbers thus had haunted !

THE FALL OF STOCKS,

OR

LAY OF THE "CENT-ED STOCK" DEALER.

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN AND S. F.

As pensive near a village church I strolled,
 The plaintive sounds of wailing reached mine ear :
 A sufferer from the stocks his sorrows told,
 And raised my sympathy as I drew near !

On *bank* he sat ; within the *stocks* each limb
 Secured :— *bank-stock-security* to shew :
 No *holiday* was at that *Bank* for him,
 Tho' *stocks were closed* ! — This was his song of
 woe :

“ Oh Speculation ! banker's, broker's bane,
 Thy foremost letter my experience docks :
 Had I once thought so, I had now been sane,
 Nor *lost my understanding in the stocks* !

“ Oh stocks, ye’ve raised my joints to these stocks
high —

A *joint-stock* company, all stiff they’ve grown :—
I can’t *break* these, though a stock-broker I—
Tho’ many a *loan* I raised, lo I’m alone !

“ You see me in the *press* ! to my regret
My name among the bankrupts did appear :
So that beside being seen in the *Gazette*,
I’m now a figure for the *Gaze-at-here* !

“ Like *goose* I ‘dabbled’ :—ignorant, I failed :—
I could not pay, so a ‘*lame duck*’ was named ;
By *rooks* with *ravenous bills* I was assailed,
And being *pigeoned*, in the *cage* was tamed !

“ Who tries the scripture, surely there will find
What comfort *one unlucky Job* obtained :
I tried the scrip, not sure :—from friends unkind
The same contempt *my Job* (unlucky) gained !

“ How long my sentence seems : I’ve oft heard talk
Of *ten week stocks* : these are *e’erlasting* sure !—
The schoolboys past this bank disdainful walk,
I wish I could a *run on it* procure !

“ The grass around hath *grown*,—my voice hath
groan—

Its *hay-day* soon will come—mine is gone by —
It will be *mown* : —I must my fate *bemoan*—
This with a *scythe* — mine only with a *sigh* ;

“ All flesh is grass :—and such its scurvy tricks,
’Tis ‘ *scurvy-grass* :’ an ill weed more than good !
I’m ‘ *rag-weed*,’ forced against my will to mix
With ‘ *bind-weed*’ which *a-bounds* within this
wood !

“ ‘ In vain are all thy wishes for exchange,’
(A demon whispers when my *fast* I’d *break* :)
‘ Hadst thou ne’er *staked* a shilling upon ‘Change,’
Thou now might’st change a shilling upon *steak* !

“ I had one hundred pounds ; and cent. per cent.
Was told I’d gain, if I the trade would enter :
Ye Centaurs ! ye all *sent* me on wrong *scent*,
I lost my *balance*, when I lost my *cent-er* !

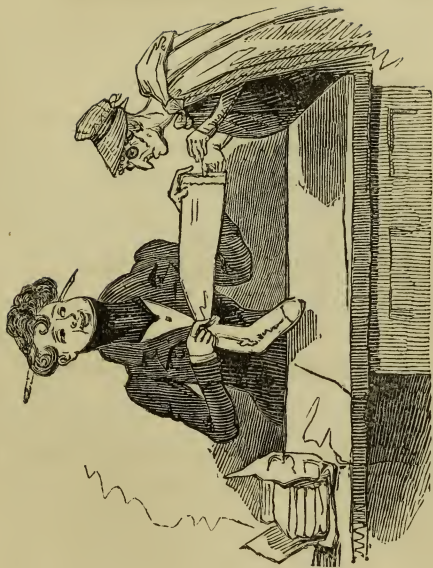
“ What, tho’ I thought, by buying in right time
At ‘market,’ I might save a *plum* or two,
Why ‘*peaching*, call ye this the ‘*fruit* of crime,’
And bring my schemes of *currency* to view ?

“ But, brother brokers, why my prayers despise
Exchange’s most exalting lesson learn :
Give me a *lift*, and cause these stocks to *rise*,
And raise a *sum* which *some* day I ’ll return !”

“ Ye *unconsoling* dabblers in *consols*,
Spurn not the *act* that sets your debtor free :
Ah, *tie anew* the *sole* bond of our *souls*,
By granting me a small *annuity* !”—

He ceased, and as I took my leave, I said,
“ In vain for aid you ask your *changing* friends ;
Your *feet* being on *this* side,—on *that* your *head*,
They ’ll look upon these stocks as *Divide-ends* !”

Home then I went, nor grieved for mock distresses ;
But, laughing, tried the mystery to dive,
Why tale of *fun-ded property* possesses
The property for keeping *fun alive* !



Stock-in trade!

A FAMILY OF NOTE.

BY SIR A. THOMPSON.

IT is certainly a great misfortune for me : — my father, my mother, three tall sisters, and two little brothers, — *all* are musical ; but *I*, poor luckless creature ! have not the least power of distinguishing one note from another, — all being equally disagreeable to me, — except that the loudest are the worst.

While we were too young to commence our A, B, C, my mother taught us our Do Re Mi, (we could write *notes* before we could write *letters* !) ; and we used to make “ night hideous,” (and day too) with the *ghosts* of duets, such as “ Drink to me only,” “ All’s well,” and other *profound* compositions, until our instructress found, to her horror, that I could neither learn a first or second ; and my singing was given up, as I totally destroyed the *harmony* of the family.

Disappointed in this view, she determined I should be a boy of *note* in some other way : so she

attempted to teach me the *piano*. This was evidently not my *forte* : and, in spite of the care of my kind mistress, I never could *master* it. I always forgot my fingering, — passed my thumbs over my fingers, my fingers under my thumbs, and never seemed to have enough of either attached to my hands for the notes I wanted to strike. There seemed to me more music in the housekeeper's keys than in those of the piano the former have a particularly *sweet* sound, when in the store-room she unlocked the *preserves* for me (on which said *preserves* I was extremely fond of *poaching* !): and after fruitless efforts to cultivate this branch of my musical education, the piano was relinquished.

The harp I never could tune, so that instrument was out of the *question*, and would not *answer* : but the guitar, which looks like a long-necked baby in one's arms, was the next musical experiment I tried. It was *tried*, and *condemned*, but there was no *execution* !

Then they took a violent fancy for the violin : I played so much out of tune that my family nearly went mad. My dear mother said it was the fault of the instrument, being so *small*, that I made but *little* progress : therefore I attempted the violoncello. This was certainly large enough for my exhibitions ; but whenever I *drew a long bow*, it very naturally brought me into a dreadful *scrape*, so I withdrew

from the bow, making another to my master. From the Bass I went to the Flute, thus *trebling* my exertions : but 'twas vain to try and *puff* my musical talents, there was nothing *playful* in my character ; and I found the flute an *empty* pursuit, so ' I gave it up.'

My last effort was the French horn, and here, having so *much brass*, I felt more *confident* of success. This was the final *blow* ! I have now relinquished every attempt, although my fond friends still insist that I 'only want practice !' Practice indeed ! Why, if I play a barrel-organ, I positively cannot turn the handle in steady time,—a great *organic defect* in my lumps and bumps.

I am stupid in every thing connected with music : I was taught to *play at sight* on the piano ; but, like most amateurs who profess this, I could not do it before the *twentieth-sight* at the earliest calculation !

I offered to copy some music for a divinity of mine : when she played it for me, I observed she turned over the pages before she had half played them. I asked the reason, and she pointed to the letters V. S. (which I had copied without knowing the meaning), telling me they meant *volti subito*, ' turn over quickly.' These letters had been at the bottom of the printed music pages ; in copying they had come in the middle of *my* pages, and my fair friend had to turn as frequently as a *girouette*.

I have tried both ancient and modern masters unsuccessfully. *Bach*, I found, did not bring me forward: *Handel* suited not my hands, being difficult to *finger*: *Haigh* I did not fancy, as I thought *Grassi* more original and *pastoral*, only he required *cutting down* (it often occurred to me that their music was well suited for '*young Meadows*'): *Pieyel* seemed to me always to carry my condemnation of '*play ill*' in his very name: with *Klose* I was *far* from succeeding: with *Brayham* I made myself a complete *ass*: *Bland*, with his *soft* name, proved too *hard* for me: by *Bishop* I was *confirmed* in my antipathy. All music by *Horn* seemed to me suited only for *Madame Cattle-any*: while the *ancient* music ought to be given to *Madame Past-ah*.

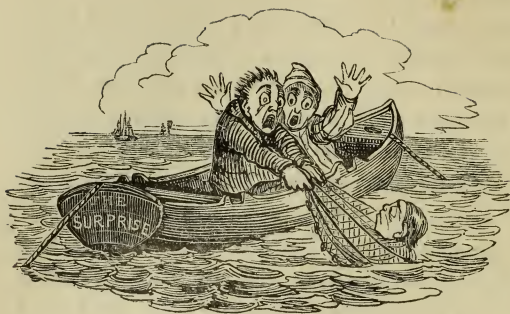
Going to the *Opera* is a dreadful *operation*: to be boxed up in small cribs looking like the berths in a steam-packet, and hearing the musical sorrows of queer named people, — the Greasy, Tosey, Chinty, Tambour-in-eye, Rose-in-eye, Marry-an-eye, Jubilee, Sunday, Pussey, Lazy-say, Angel-in-eye, and 'others too numerous to mention:' the only one with whom I sympathise being Herr *Hate-singer*! A nice name that man has! In the orchestra we find *Dragon-etti* and *Spaniel-etti*, *playing* together, like the animals in the golden age (the present time *is* the golden era for fiddlers!): *Dragon-etti* has made a *piece* for *St. George's* day,



Dragonetti and Spagnoletti.

and likewise a *Chasse* after *Wolfe*. Spanieletti makes good *points*, as a *setter* of music, and is likewise clever at a *Bark-arole* ; but I cannot fancy why the *fiddlers* should be *led* by him, unless they are *blind* ! Then *Mori*, with his deathlike name, is thought the life of all concerts, and tires me with *light* variations to the ‘Maid of *Loady*,’ with the original *burthen* to each. These you will say are all *nominal* grievances of mine, but I thought I might take the liberty of *naming* my sorrows, and hope, in penning them, you will think I *do write*. I would have sketched them *vivâ voce*, but a *vocal* sketch seems rather a *sing-ular* idea. Apropos of singing : when voiceless musicians have devoted eight hours per diem to the practice of some instrument, and, (fancying themselves perfect St. Cecílias or Paganinis), they favour the world by playing 365 pages of a sonata — how pleasant it must be, after they finish, instead of a thunder of applause, to hear on all sides the question, “ Well, but don’t you *sing* ? ”

To return to my own grievances : having stated my utter incapacity to acquire music, and my horror of listening to it in public or private ; considering also the music-mania raging in our unmusical country, I beg some one in charity will tell me what I am to do with myself or society !



A Son-net !

“ A SON-NET ! ”

BY THE HON. CAPTAIN N —.

AUTHOR OF “ WRITERS AND READERS,” &c.

Two sailors, fishing near the Isle of Wight
Close where a little lad his boat upset,
Pull'd up their tackle (prudent in their fright !)
And found the boy was safe within their net !

Amazed, the fishers gazed with open eyes,
And one of them exclaim'd, "Whoe'er you be,
Altho' our boat is christen'd *The Surprise*,
A young *sir-prise* like you I ne'er did see.

"Long have I fish'd for soles and eels, and thought
I knew each sort of fish within these tides;
But ne'er so large a *soul* I ever caught,
And bringing thus a pair of *heels* besides!

"Tho' we're not musical, we'll set afloat
Reports which may some money for us fetch,
For we'll declare we've found a boy of *note*,
Who quick has made a *son-net* of our *catch*!

"I saw a picture call'd the 'Rising Son,'
Drawn by Miss S. (I'll tell you all about it);
And if she saw our *Draught*, I think for fun
'*The son's raise!*' (sun's rays) she would call it,
just to flout it.

"Don't cry,—your father soon shall know you live:
To us he'll come to shun your mother's chidings,
He knows *we* best can *floating* rumours give,
As fishermen all know the *earliest tide-ings*!

“ I live on ‘ Needles’ Point ;’ so sharp and keen
My eyes, that nothing my hard look can soften :
And through the ‘ *Needles*’ I have also been,
By *eye* to thread them I’ve succeeded often !

“ Close to the Isle of *Man*, a tiny isle
Called ‘ Calf of Man’ (a *lesser man* !.) we see :
So, near the Isle of *Wight*, there was a while
Ago, a *little Wight* within the sea !

“ All round the isle, when there are sunken rocks,
Buoys are affixed, lest sailors they’d destroy :
Now after fifty years my mind it shocks,
To think I threw my nets upon a *boy* !

“ A fishing-bank is near us, which for you
Has been a *saving-bank*, of good security ;—
When for your life your friends have paid us two,
Your *loss* is our *nett-profit*, of a surety !”



A TRAGIC TALE, TOLD TO A 'T.'

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.*

"Every kind of *Teas* sold here.'
Country shop sign.

Two tired travellers tried to trace their track through the tangled thickets of Tewksbury:—they took two or three turnings through the trees, but their toilings there tended to tantalize them thoroughly, by tempting them to traverse thoroughfares that transiently turned (they thought) towards the town, then the turf terminated treacherously in trackless

* It may not at first be perceived that this article is composed of words commencing with the letter 'T,' an occasional connecting word has been required, but in the first sixty, for instance, only four will be found which do not commence with a 'T.'

thickets. Thus they tarried till twilight's thick gloom tended to increase their tribulation and to thwart their task; the taller traveller, a Templar, turning to the tired trooper that trustily tended him told him that 'twere better to trust themselves to a temporary tent of trees, than to try the tedious and tormenting task of tenaciously toiling through tenebrious thickets. Tristram the trooper (though thinking the Templar's touch of torpor very tiresome) tacitly turned to take his horse, that trembled thoroughly toilworn: suddenly tremendous thunder taxed their temerity, and a terrific tempest threatened to terminate tragically their trials. The Templar Theodore's timid steed, terrified at the tempestuous tumult, tore through tangled tracts and turgid torrents, the trained troop-horse of Tristram trying to trace the trample through the turmoil. Thus they passed the territory of trees, and the tortured Templar was thrown beneath a tower whence a twinkling taper threw a tremulous light through the tracery-window of a tall turret. Tristram's thundering 'tattoo' summoned the timely aid of a train of torch-bearers; these took Theodore to the tower-hall, where his trance terminated to shew him a transcendant beauty of twenty, timidly tending him, and telling her tirewomen their different tasks for treating the sufferer.

The toilet of the lady Theresa consisted of a

tiffany tunic tied with thread-gold tassels at the throat, a taffety turquoise-coloured train, a turkish turban and transparent tissue-veil thrown back from the temples: 'twere tedious to try to transmit the tempting traits that transfixed the Templar's transported gaze, as with tremulous tongue he tried to tell his thanks: timidly she turned from the tender tone, her twining trendril-like tresses thrown aside betraying the transient tint his tribute to this transcendant treasure had sent thrilling even to her throbbing temples and well-turned throat.

Theodore transported to the tessellated and tapes-tried throne-room, told to Theresa tales of the tent, the triumphant tilt, and tournament; their tete-a-tete tending frequently to tenderer themes; and ten days (tedious to Tristram, transient to Theodore) transposed the trembling lover, into the trothed of Theresa.

Theobald the Thane, the tyrant of Tewksbury, kept the orphan Theresa in thrall, that timid girl tolerating the tutelage he had treacherously taken, through terror of his temper.

The time that the Templar tarried at Tewksbury-tower, the absent Thane traversed his vast tract of territory, thinly tenanted through his thirst of thrift and tyrannic treatment to the tenants. Treacherous tempered, he trusted not to Theresa thoroughly, but took the trouble to turn back to the tower,

(transformed to a travelling trinket-seller) tampering with the tattling tire-women, who (thus tempted,) told that the templar had trespassed o'er the tower threshold and triumphantly tarried there, talking with taste, talent, tact and tenderness to the tempting "treasure of the turret." This tantalizing tale tormented the tyrant, who throwing the traveller's travestie towards the terrified tirewomen, trod the tower-hall, traced the true lovers to their trellised turf terrace, and treacherously thrust his two-edged Toledo at the Templar, (then talking tranquilly to Theresa): that tender girl transiently turning ere the threatened turpitude took effect, threw her taper form towards Theodore, too late to transmute the terrible thoughts of the tyrant, whose thrust traversed the twain; and thus they tasted death together, a two-fold triumph to the terrific-tempered Theobald.

This triumph terminated tragically: Tristram trenched behind thick trees, traced the Thane throughout this traitorous transaction, took aim twice, tho' terror took from the truth of the first, the shaft twisting into a tall tree: twang!—this time the truer dart transfixes the tyrant, terminating his turbulent thralldom. The tumultuous tones of two or three troopers on the turrets, made the trainband throng towards the terrace to take Tristram to the torture: that trusty trooper turned tauntingly to them, throwing his truncheon triumphantly towards

the tardily tamed tyrant, — just then the talismanic tone of thrilling trumpets told of timely aid, and twenty Templar troopers turning round the tower.—

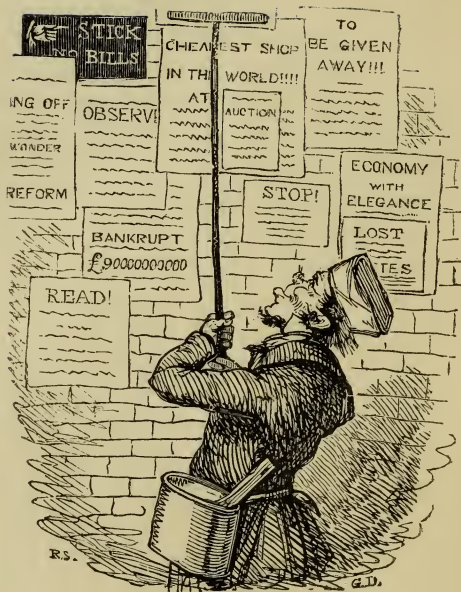
The tragic tale terminates thus; because having already used every other kind of T, I could only describe the *battle* with ‘*Gunpowder T*,’ which might affect the nerves of my fair readers: so here is an end of the *Tease*!

TO MY SISTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ABSURDITIES.”

GAILY smiling, gentle Muse!
Now a few kind terms infuse,
In a tender theme to render
All that tenderness can tender!
To you, my sister, I’ll attune
A tuneless lay — altho’ it soon
Will find a melody as choice

In your *composing* gentle voice,
As hard, debarr'd of sight, e'er play'd
On lute — to dames in lutestring 'ray'd. —
But better than the skill you shew
In music, is that art you know,
Which surely I may call "*sew-sew*," —
For this thy *double stitch* explains,
When buttons you sew on with pains :
Your gentle aid you 've often lent ;
And by your work made up my *rent* ;
Each careless *strain* restrained with care,
And *seamed* each most *unseemly* tear !
No delay have I to fear,
A *near* relation's always *near* ;
But should I press you on too fast,
Thro' my skin the needle's pass'd !
Near you tho' I would remain
For ever near in joy or pain,
I wish myself (so change all men !)
Far beyond the *Needles* then !
(I should *look sharp*, you oft maintain,
Whene'er there is a *point to gain* !)
But no frowns or airs you shew
Tho' each *rent's* a *tax* I know,
Your ready hand soon *tacks* it tight ;
May all your tasks prove just as light —
All the joys that mortals know
May you reap for what you *sew* !



Puff Paste-ry !

— How we wonder'd when we read,
Half in pleasure, half in dread,
The little fairy-tale, in which
Two sisters meet an ugly witch,
Who, by some charm (a borrow'd charm,
For her face and wither'd arm,
And her dwindled body shew'd
It was not to her person owed),
Doom'd one, vile lizards, snakes and toads
To spit, whene'er she spoke, by loads ;
Erewhile the one of gentler mould
Spat gems and gawds of Guinea-gold !

Ye gods ! those gawds were very fine !
But can we on rich jewels dine ?
Ah ! no ! — then, sister, well I know,
Tho' witches never did bestow
A gift like hers, — you can compare
With her in something — quite as rare. —
(When will wonders ever cease ?)

You can *spit* — hares, fowls and geese !
Nor could her diamonds e'er be placed
In competition with your — *paste* !

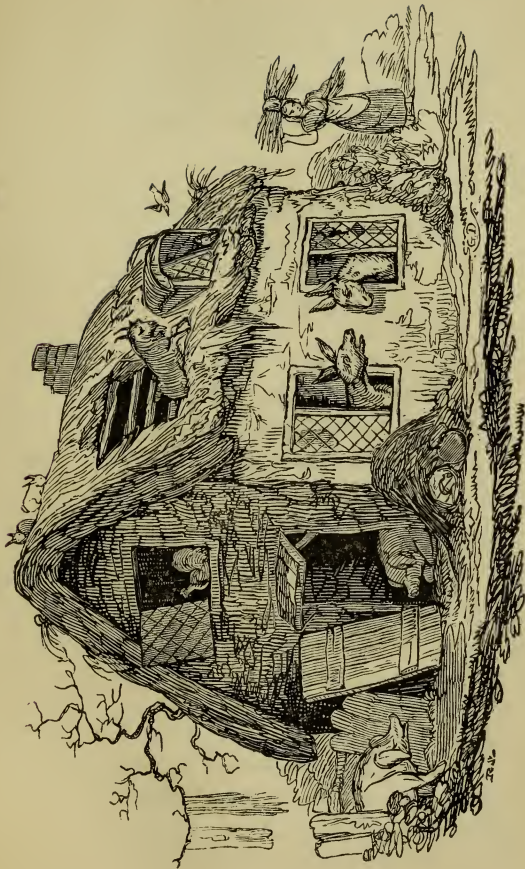
A TENDER BALLAD.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER, ESQ.

A tender youth Ben Baker was,
Though brought up rather tough,
For oft his master made him blue,
Where nature painted buff.

A clever lad he must have been,
Indeed almost a star,
For he when barely twelve years old,
Was brought up to the Bar.

I do not know what lucky *Inn*,
His genius first found *out*,
But that it was a *public* one,
I think there's little doubt.



Ins and Outs!

Ben never was of jealous turn,
On none could he look ill,
Altho' he had the jaundice, when
He lived on *Saffron Hill*.

As walking with his sweetheart once,
On Wapping Wall he went,
Some nasty, naughty, nauticals,
On *Ben* did seem full bent.

Sue vainly *sued* their hearts to move,
With tears a *quantum suff*,
But hearts of *oak* she soon found out,
When *tender* were most *tough*.

Poor Nelly Baker when she heard,
Her son was pressed to sea,
Expressed a hope, at his return
A *Nel-son* he would be.

And Nelly's poverty was such,
To be resigned it taught her,
That Ben, who scarce could gain his *bread*,
Should learn to live on *water* !

On Sundays now no more he goes,
So spruce to Bagnigge Wells;
He's steering far another course,
Of course, and *cuts the swells*.

He steered to many a foreign *port*,
Reported under ground,
And *if* he touched at either *pole*,
Of course *head-lands* he found.

Poor *Ben*, he always was a *beau*,
And now he 's on the sea,
He may come home as great a chap,
As *Benbow* was, d'ye see.

LACONICS.

BY GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE COMIC MAGAZINE.

AN auctioneer ought to be by nature strong; for, though only one man, he is often called upon to *knock down a lot*.

Spring is welcome to the trees, because they are *releaved* by its approach.

Those persons who are in business the most *sharp*, usually get the most *blunt*.

All blood may be said to be useless which is *in vein*.

It is remarkable that in music those strains please the most, which are allowed to be *dull set* (dulcet).

In Naples the fishermen combine business with pleasure, for they usually accompany their dancing with the *cast-a-net*.

The trade of a blacksmith is one of little labour to himself, inasmuch as most of his work is done by *a vice*.

A statesman begins to *lower* himself when he consents to be *hired* by others.

Matrimony is properly called a *tender* point, for a hand is not unfrequently awarded to the largest *tender*.

The additional day to February once in four years, seems very naturally designed to increase the *spring* necessary to a *leap* year.

Many beggars who are 'out at the elbows,' prove themselves possessed of one of the privileges of an esquire : they are at least entitled to *bare arms*.

LACONICS, CONTINUED, BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

All persons who can *defer* their laughter until a convenient time, should be taken to the Humane Society, as extraordinary cases of '*suspended animation*.'

Those damsels who admire mustachios, must be insincere in saying they dislike *hare-lips*.

When people have *red hands*, they should always play at loo, as everything is gained at that game by a *palm-flush*.

Pugilists beginning their battle, form a paradox ; for they stand up, and '*fall to*.'

Chimney-sweepers always persecute witches and fortune-tellers, because they like to have a *brush* at the *black art*.

The Speaker must be a good physiognomist, as



A Fiddle 'D. D.'

after the members discuss the features of a debate, he finally decides by the *Ayes* and *Noes* (eyes and nose). On the game question every one *sported* an opinion on the *bill* and *claws*.

James Eastman, the thief who tried to escape up the chimney, and was stopped by the grate, must have found it a great *bar* to his rising.

In classing birds, we should say weather cocks are meant for the *church*; but *hens* are decidedly the *lay* subjects of the state.

The Muses, if we believe Collins, go out as governesses, for, speaking of a heavenly maid who was young, he says,

“The Muses oft to *hear her spell*
Throng’d around,” &c.

The baker in Bristol who mixed saw-dust with his brown bread, meant that those who eat a great *deal* should use *plane* food; and to give them humility, they were forced to bite the *dust*.

Many ‘a thirsty soul’ who has a termagant wife, after seeing *her double* in the evening, would gladly see *himself single* in the morning.

The final bar in the last quadrille resembles the notices in the Gazette, because it announces a *dissolution of partnership*.

It is ridiculous for a *Doctor of Divinity* to play the *violin*, because he thus becomes a ‘*Fiddle D.D.*’

AN EARLY CALL.

A STORY RELATED BY THE DUCHESS OF ST. A——.

ONCE on a time there was a Goth or Vandal
 Who ne'er made *morning call* or *evening visit* :
 Because he said they both promoted scandal,
 Where people sought your friendship just to quiz it !

He surely was not *English* ! — for our nation
 Being famed for small-talk, doat on morning calls
 Exert themselves to keep up conversation ;
 And when our 'gentle youths' are asked to balls
None silent lean 'gainst chimnies, doors, or walls !

* The Duchess of St. A—— is the best *raconteuse* of a lively story I ever had the pleasure of hearing : her Grace may certainly be designated as an "*Arch Duchess*" when she favours any one by relating a comic anecdote.

Our Goth possessed a *sickly* female friend :
 (To prove *her* Gothic too, this *sickness* serves,
For doctors ne'er on ENGLISH dames attend
 For whims, hysterics, head, heart, spleen or nerves!)

One day Goth saw, with shame, his friend approach,
 (This shame upon *non-visitors* doth wait :)
She seized this bright occasion for reproach
 About his absence from her house of late :

“ You shall not stir till you a promise make
 To visit me, old times we will recall !”
“ Dear ma'am ” said Goth, “ an early time I 'll take,
 When *next* I pass your house, *I 'll surely call !*”

The dame went home — her gruel took in quiet ;
 Talked to her maid about her nervous ills, —
And with *great regularity* of diet,
 To make her sleep, six draughts took and six pills !

In bed, she's covered over head and ears,
 A breath of air would surely cause her death !
When just at four o'clock, A. M., she hears
 A *horrid outcry* in the street beneath :

“ *Hillo ! House ho ! Hillo ! Ho ho !* ”—ne’er stops—
Nothing save FIRE brings uproar in this shape !
Then trembling she from out the window pops
Her triple-nightcapped head to seek escape : —

No smell of fire — no flame — no stifling smoke —
No creature, save our Goth, she sees below ; —
“ Ah, wretch ! ” cried she, “ to your unfeeling joke,
My death, through cold and terror, I shall owe.”

“ Your death ! ” says Goth, “ why think of yesterday ;
’Twas but to *please* you that just now I bawled :—
This *is* the *first* time I have passed this way,
And so to keep my promise—Ma’am I CALLED ! ”—

The Duchess of St A—— well related
This anecdote my pen has tried to trace ;
But since into *my* verse it is translated
You will discover it has lost *its* GRACE !

THE ACCEPTED.

OR

THE INTENDED BRIDEGROOM'S REFLECTIONS.

HER Mamma is my friend, but I very well know
 Miss Fanny is not over-proud of her beau :
 She consents to be mine, but 'tis still pretty clear
 The attraction consists in Ten Thousand a year !

In tastes and opinions we never agree ;
 She smiles on my presents, but seldom on me :
 She speaks of Love's chains, — do I need to be told
Her chains must be garnished with jewels and gold ?

All converse of mine she would willingly banish ;
 She talks to the tall whiskered Lancer in Spanish :
 She knows I'm no linguist, and means to offend
 When she chatters in jargons I don't comprehend.

She complains of my method of folding a shawl,
And the Boa alone is my charge at a ball :
I am not a dancer : then why should she fly
To the waltz with each fop who comes sauntering by ?

When I bring her refreshments I'm sure of a scold,
The ices are heated, the coffee is cold :
I'm sent for the carriage, my pains she rewards
By tripping down stairs with some fool in the guards !

Our voices don't harmonize, and she believes
'Stead of singing, my place is to turn o'er the leaves !
Which may stop me, she fancies, from watching her
 eyes

As they answer the Colonel's soft languishing sighs.

The whispers I heard while I stay'd at the door —
“ *Brusque* manners,—no polish,—a block—such a
 bore !”

I knew were intended for *me*, tho' she said
She wonder'd such thoughts *could* come into my
 head !

She raves about Willoughby's beauty and grace,
She praises Lord Chaloner's style to my face,
She gives the next chair to that puppy Charles Coxe,
And sticks *me* all night at the back of the box !

She tells me my diamonds were taken for paste,
And all I approve is in very bad taste :
She abuses my Brichtska, finds fault with my horse,
And my dog—is a horror of horrors, of course !

When she walks in the gardens she tells me to ride,
Then half the Hussars are allured to her side !
She affects to believe them both stylish and witty,
Tho' their talk is sad stuff, and they look like banditti !

I shan't feel secure at the door of the church,
Lest for some of her flirts, I'll be left in the lurch :
So I sometimes determine to throw off the yoke,
And too late she will find my displeasure no joke !

There's Helen Montrose, and there's Emily Dacres,
Care more for *myself*, than my *rents* and my *acres* :
If I made an advance, to the world it is plain
That neither would cause me to languish in vain !

The flirting Miss Fanny had better take care :
The bird is no *gull* she has caught in her snare !
There are others as handsome, not given to sneer,
Who'd be better behaved to—Ten Thousand a year !

LA FIANCÉE.

REFLECTIONS OF THE INTENDED BRIDE.

AH me ! how delightfully life would glide o'er,
 If the want of a rent-roll were not such a bore !
 To beauty and love it's the worst of all treason
 To be sacrificed thus in my very first season !

The man is a booby, a dolt, and a dunce ;
 I had better, I'm certain, be buried at once,
 Than tied to a fright, whose best merit, I fear,
 Is being possessed of Ten Thousand a year !

I'm fond of expense, — I two mansions require,
 And if Maradan made not my gowns, I'd expire !
 Love, — cottage, — starvation ! the thought makes
 me groan, —
 Why I'd ruin a poor man in perfumes alone !



An unattached Major!

Then Mamma teazes so, about Anna Maria
My cousin Letitia, and Lady Sophia;
My present behaviour she's sure I shall rue,
When they come out next season, and cut me out too!

Yet I fear them not!—many regret, quite enraged,
When they hear from my cousins that I am engaged:
The Colonel desponds—and Lord William declares
That he'll die when the bell for my wedding he hears.

But no one comes forward and offers the ring,
So my bow in reality has but one string:
And I join with Mamma, that perhaps 'twould be better
To make my pet Bruin in love with his fetter!

I'm sure while *reformers* are making a rout
There is one great *reform* that we can't do without:
'Tis to give every stupid man's wealth as a boon,
Or rather a right—to some dashing Dragoon!

But 'tis vain, tho' the plan I propose is sublime,
To hope such a bill will be passed in my time,
As that all who are handsome and loveable here
Should possess (at the lowest) Ten Thousand a year!

There's Emily Dacres, and Helen Montrose,
Are not very nice in the choice of their Beaux :
They are dropping such hints, that I think it is clear
They would eagerly fly at Ten Thousand a year !

I know how to manage : — I've only to say
That I'm sick of the butterfly fops of the day :
To sing his dull ditties, to smile at his jest,
And to yield to *his* odious bad taste, as the best !

I'll contrive he shall see the reply that I wrote,
Upon rose-coloured paper to Willoughby's note,
'Tis rejecting his offer — 'twas only a carriage —
But Bruin shall think 'twas an offer of marriage !

I should die of chagrin were I left in distress — or
Before I contrived to secure a successor :
So I'll try to persuade him my love is sincere,
And I'm sure so it is — to Ten Thousand a-year !

THE KING'S JESTER.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT-AT-LAW.

“ Motley’s the only wear.”

IN the bright forenoon of as fine a summer’s day as ever drank the dew-pearls from the blushing cheek of a rose—or courted the broad stare of the brazen-faced sun-flower—the virtuous and learned Sir Thomas More was sauntering in the royal park of Greenwich, when on a sudden the absorbing train of his ruminations was put to flight by a merry, though by no means a musical voice, which chaunted the following pleasant ditty.—

“ THE GOODE FREYRE.”

“ Whilom there dwelt in goodly grace
A Freyre stout in chaunt and chase,
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ So lusty was he that he laughing said,
I always look *round*, though I can’t turn my head,
Adown in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ For daintie dish spent he many a mark,
Lov'd capon and carp, and was fond of a *lark*
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ Quo' he, when he brought a stag from the waste,
' Who shall deny that my *hart* is *chased*?'
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ At matins and vespers he sang as clear
As, eve and morn, sings the lark in the air
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ Quo' he ' That my voice may be sweet and airy,
Night and morn I swallow—a *little canary*,'
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ When his order forbade him to feast upon meat,
A dish of fine perch from the stream was a treat,
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ ‘ Oh ! since I must fast for the good of the church
Like a bird in a cage, why I'll dine on my *perch* !’
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe.

“ ‘ What's life without living,’—he joking cried,
And soe the goode Freyre he lived till he died
Adowne in the vale of Chepstowe !”

When the singer ceased, Sir Thomas stepped from behind the shrubbery which had concealed him during the performance, and, seated at the foot of a spreading chesnut (the greensward for a seat) he beheld no less a personage than Will Somers, the king's jester.

Now albeit Sir Thomas was a man of law and letters, he was no less famous for his jocose humour and pleasant wit; and none loved to crack a joke better than he. Unfortunately for the honour and justice of those who placed him in that predicament, the last display of this innate humour was exhibited on the very scaffold, where he was untimely cut off from life, and from that high place in the state, of which he was truly the grace and ornament. To a gentleman of his turn, therefore, nothing could have been more agreeable than this encounter with Somers: and if worldly honour had any influence on his great mind, he had truly cause to be in high glee, for Bluff Harry had only some forty-eight hours since presented him with the Great Seal.

"By 'r lady! Master Somers, a good song," said Sir Thomas, approaching and greeting him; "pry'thee, who writ it?"

"A chick hatched out of my own brain, Sir Knight," replied Somers, "and as these words lacked a tune, marry, I came in this open place to give it a *little air*: but let that pass. Like other

wise men of the world, let me bow lowly, and greet thee, my Lord Chancellor, with all sweet words and honied wishes for thy welfare and prosperity !”

“ I thank thee heartily, master Somers,” said the Knight, smiling, “ and tell thee truly, the fool’s kind wishes like me better than many of those wise men’s benedictions !”

“ Only to think of the strange changes of this world :” said Somers, half soliloquising — his eyes cast upon the ground, and resting with both hands upon his huge walking staff. — “ To-day was to-morrow, yesterday — to-day will be yesterday, to-morrow ! Well the flowers will blow, and the flowers will fall ! but, who would have thought two great statesmen should turn fishermen.”

“ How fishermen ? thou wag !”

“ Aye, truly, fishermen, or courtiers lie ; for they all vow that you be *seal*-catching, and Wolsey be *wailing*.”

“ Nay, I pry’thee, Somers, speak not lightly or in derision of one who hath many virtues to counterbalance the blemishes of his nature.”

“ A fool’s bolt will damage no target !” replied Somers, “ but by my lath and bells ! I never held this proud Cardinal in respect ; who, if reduced to the size of his own honesty, marry ! but I ween he might lodge in a nut-shell without damaging his doublet. As for his virtues — by my fay ! — in that



Lily of the *Valet* !

matter it were dubious to the opacity of my capacity to learn in which quarter the wind sets; — for certes, the Cardinal-virtues were not quite so evident as the Cardinal-points.”

“ They say he was not in the least cast down by my elevation.”

“ Of course, as a churchman, he met the king’s wish, (as is the custom in these cases) with *resignation* !” quickly added the jester.

Sir Thomas smiled at the fool’s conceit, and endeavoured to turn the conversation to another topic, as the contemplation and discussion of another’s demerits, albeit his greatness probably took its rise therefrom, gave his benevolent mind infinitely more pain than pleasure.

“ How happy are those nimble creatures grazing yonder in a herd,” said Sir Thomas, pointing to the deer that graced and gambolled in the park. “ What a placid and peaceful community of good-fellowship do they seem. Simple denizens of the shady forest, how I envy your tranquillity !”

“ An’ my lath were a wizard’s wand, what a transmigration would I exhibit to thee.”

“ Why, what wouldst thou do ?”

“ Marry, transport the souls of men into those animals.”

“ What, turn men into beasts ? though, God-wot ! it would not be very extraordinary either, for we

daily behold men making beasts of themselves, Master Somers. But what a nation there would be !”

“What a *stag-nation* there would be !—thou should'st rather rather say,” added Will Somers.

“And, like a field of sportsmen, all in *buckskins*,” added Sir Thomas jocosely.

The jester pursuing the train of his conceit, continued saying : — “Then shall every man *hide* himself, and yet appear in his proper character :—Ergo, every slender, supple-jointed courtier would be a *fawn* ; every clown a *hind* ; all the young, empty-pated, and odorous cavaliers, *bucks* and *roes* ; true lovers all *harts* ; and every baker would have a little *doe* for his wife ; while all our right worthy friends, (changed though unchanged) would still be *deer*.”

“Nay, peace, I pry'thee, good fool,” interrupted the knight, “or the torrent of thy wit will drown my floundering senses. Truly, I am overmatched ; the short rapier of my repartee, avails me nought against the long sword of thy wit. 'Tis tilting at odds.”

“Then yield thee, Sir Knight !” answered the jester ; “grant me, thy vanquisher, as by law of arms I may require, this one request.”

“Speak it.”

“Let me write thy epitaph !”

“With pleasure,” replied Sir Thomas, “and what may it be ?”

"First confess how much higher than the Great Seal will thy ambition carry thee."

"Not a grade; I am right willing to remain where fortune rather than choice hath placed me. But the epitaph."

"Then thus it runs."—

"Aneath this stone lyeth Thomas More,
That being dead is now *no more*;
A man of learning and of lore,
And tho' a Christian living, died a More."

"And in respect of thy contentment in thy present condition, this motto of fool's latinity,

"In *Seal-o* quies!"

"Gramercy! good Master Somers," said the Knight, "I shall not desire a better."

"A compact then," continued Somers: "And as I'm a-dry, with your lordship's lawful permission, we'll pour a libation. I'm for a cup of sack."

"And I for malvoisie," said the Chancellor.

"Thereat do I much marvel; and pity thy preference," exclaimed the jester.

"Wherefore, solve me wherefore, fool?"

"Truly, for this reason, Sir Knight:—that the Chancellor always hath the best *sack* in the King's dominions."

"Thou mirror of fools!" cried Sir Thomas "how

I envy the king thy service. Thou art a very dissipater of dulness. The *spring* of thy wit's a zest, that will season the weariness of any season: and his Grace, methinks, need little reckon the coming of a dreary winter, who can command *Somers*."

THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S ALPHABET.

BY THE EARL OF M——.

A's alma mater, a horrible bore,
B are his bachelor friends, half a score ;
C their carouses, so joyous, so witty,
D the long debts which they cause — what a pity !
E the ennui of his friendships so hollow,
F fashion's follies, he scorns, but must follow :
G is the gaming-house, known to his cost,
H horse-races, — where his last shilling is lost !
I are the insults from tradesmen he meets,
J scornful jests from his friends in the streets :

K is the knowledge of life he's acquired,
 L a rich lady whose *fortune's* admired !
 M marriage he offers — accepted, 'tis said,
 N is is the news at the club quickly spread !
 O the objections she hears from each friend,
 P is the promise he makes to amend :
 Q are the queries (*not* asked,) 'bout his rents,
 R the romance, which the lady prevents :
 S is their splendour, their style, and their state,
 T are the toadies who round the two wait ;
 U universal urbanity offered,
 V visits from rank, wealth and fashion soon proffered ;
 W 's his wit his old friends now perceive,
 X the X-clusion from him they receive !
 Y are wise youths who to this plan attend,
 Z are the zanies who read — but won't mend !



The Quack Doctor !

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

Impromptu Lines on seeing the Picture of the Quack Doctor.

BY LADY CHARLOTTE B——.

AUTHOR OF “ FLIRTS, FASHION, AND FOLLY,” &c.

Most sapient Sir, with head so black,
You doubtless can make quick recoveries :
You'll rightly *guess* what patients lack,
Like Francis *Drake* you'll make discoveries,
Thou sailing Quack !

Thy practice never will be slack,
 Thou 'goest on *swimmingly*' it seems ;
 And this is 'cause thou hast the knack
 Of ever *diving to extremes*,
 Deep-going Quack !

No surgeon thou to cut and hack,
 Like —— who many a patient slaughters : —
 In every case (like sailor Jack)
 You'll urge your friends to "try *the waters* !"
 Oh, cold Bath Quack !

Poor suff'ers oft are ta'en aback
 By doctors' charge, for draught and pill : —
 You '*book*' not like the cheating pack,
 But let the sick *first* see your *bill*,
 Good *Spooney* Quack !

Caught in the *Doctors' hands* ! — alack !
 Caught in your *web* I'd rather be : —
 You '*plume* yourself,' without a '*plack*,'
 Their '*nests* are feathered' by my fee,
Fi donc, each Quack !

M——'s hydrocephalus attack
 If you can cure, he'll make you wealthy : —
 You pity not *his head*, good lack !
 'Cause *water* on *your chest* is healthy,
 Thou floating Quack !

Of *party*-feeling you've a smack,
Your *changing-colour* shews it now!
Slow moved — with *parti*-coloured back,
A *Dilly-Tory* Doctor thou,
Thou *Sluggish* Quack!

Come, cheer thy patients by thy clack,
Lest *brooding* o'er their ills they fade
Sick *eg*-otists themselves oft rack,
Till their own *hatchments* they have made,
Pray *sit*, good Quack!

'First water' Beau, here shew thy knack,
And *wave* thy *plume* :—if cure befall me
I'll follow Lady B—r—n's track,
And " *My dear Duck!*" for ever call thee,
Oh-pinioned Quack!

SPECIMENS

OF AN INTENDED IRISH NEWSPAPER,

“THE PAT BULL.”

BY LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

A FEW days ago, as a poor woman at Ballyshannon was looking out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, her opposite neighbour offered her a glass of whiskey, and leaning too far across to reach it, she unhappily fell into the street. A gentleman passing by (on whom she fortunately fell) after picking up his hat, most humanely asked her if she were dead : and on her answering that she believed she was *not dead*, but merely *speechless*, he had her conveyed to the hospital, where she is fast recovering. As a singular instance of female presence of mind, we may mention that she never relinquished her hold of the glass, nor spilled one drop of its contents during her fall.

A most extraordinary circumstance occurred at the last Curragh races. The beautiful and well-known horse Blarney, belonging to Mr. Donoughue, was so much in front of his competitors on the course, that some malicious person threw a scythe-blade at the noble animal, and completely severed his head from the body. Regardless of the pain, he still continued the race, which, we are most happy to say, he *won by a neck*: and his rider, who had caught the head in his arms, as it flew in the air, fixed it on again so effectually that the gallant fellow's statement of the whole story was doubted, as he had no witness of the fact, having been out of sight, at the time, of all the spectators. As we have ascertained that he is a *protestant*, we pledge ourselves for the truth of all his assertions.

On Tuesday Michael O'Rafferty M'Namara Daly was brought before a magistrate, charged by several persons with maliciously firing at and breaking a number of looking-glasses, with intent to bring 'seven years of ill-luck' to their owners. The prisoner, who was of the 'faded genteel' order, seemed deeply affected, as far as glimpses of his countenance were obtained through the holes in his pocket handkerchief; and he vehemently denied having committed the acts with intent to bring evil on unoffending people. He stated that he was the



Comic poet : — Cease your funning !

rejected scion of a noble house, and being totally destitute of the means of subsistence, he had come to the fearful resolution of putting a violent end to his woes. Determined that the rash act should be effective, he had borrowed pistols, and, in order to make sure of his mark (being a bad shot) had *practised shooting at his own resemblance in the mirrors*, which, unfortunately, were broken by these *experiments of suicide* ! The magistrate now declared the affair had taken a more serious aspect, and he felt bound to commit the prisoner to stand his trial for ‘ shooting with intent to kill.’

A great sensation has been caused in the money market, in consequence of the late heavy rains having set the *moving-bog* again on its travels : as it has mixed up three counties into one soft mass, varying in shape each day, persons holding *Irish securities* may look in vain to discover ‘ their neighbour’s landmark.’ It is, however, beneficial to the lower orders, as it affords them the advantage of ‘ cheap and quick *travelling*’ while they are *standing still* ; a species of locomotion unknown in every other country but the Emerald Isle.

Last week a most shocking attempt was made to murder a magistrate in the county Kildare, of course by the blood-thirsty rebels, although no one

has been discovered. As Mr. O'Mahon was returning from a county meeting, a shot was fired quite close to him, and a bullet grazed his arm. Being on a very extensive open common, which would not afford concealment to any one, he expected easily to have found the assassin: but although his view was uninterrupted, the miscreant could not be discovered. Mr. O'Mahon had a pistol in his saddle-holster, which he took out, and found it unloaded, and warm as if recently discharged: but even if this pistol had gone off, it would not have shot *him*, because he expressly *kept it to protect him*! The whole affair, therefore, still remains a mystery.

The Rev. Matthew Flint was, at the late sessions, charged by Cornelius M'Farlane with wickedly intending to poison him and his family. The plaintiff, who spoke plaintively, and (like the villages overwhelmed by Vesuvius) seemed to have had 'too much of the *Cratur*,' described the case as follows: — "An it plaze yer worship's honor my lard, I'm a poor industhrus sthrivin' lad, wid sorra a bit of harrum in me. As for the woman that owns me, throth an it's hersef that arns a power o' money by spinnin', barrin' she's been out o' work this three long years; and the childher sure can pick up lashins of sloak and dillosk enough for the

city o' Dublin itsef, only none of it grows in these parts : and as for mysef, isn't it *I* that can raise pratee craps enough for tin families — if I had but a sthrip o' ground, yer honor : but I haven't ochone ! nor a screed of a roof to keep us from the murderin' could, only the cabin his Riverence there giv me at the back of a mountain, my blesssin' on him lyin' and risin' for that same, if he hadn't thried to pyson us entirely, bad look to him full or fastin' !

Well, an' that was very well, yer honor ; but the heart in me could'nt stand seeing the childer famishin' wid hoonger and starvashin, and may be I did'nt sometimes cotch a parthridge, or a pusheen of a hare, wid wires set among the fraughans and bilberries, yer honor : well, and that was very well, and the night of the blessed Hollan eve we ate some burds I cotch'd, and the next day I was kilt entirely wid a pain in my heart, and when I tould the grate English game keeper, “Maybe,” siz he, “ye've been tastin' our birds,” siz he. “I wont gainsay that same,” siz I. “Whe'then, siz he, “ye're all as wan as good as a did Christin, for as the game is *scarce*, the master made me *feed them all on poison*, that people might let um live till next year widout shootin' um,” siz he. “Ullalu ! the spalpeen o' the wurruld,” siz I, “its agen mesef he's been plattin' and schaming, and thrying to pyson an honest boy,

that's keepin' his childer dacently ; but I'll have the law of him, or the divil a Cottoner is in Cork !"

" So there he is now to the fore, the big roague, yer honor, and isn't it *hangin'* would be *too good* for him, afther that same ? it's himself would be a *disgrace* to a *dacent* gibbit, upon my safe conscience!"——Here the judge's dinner being ready, the case ended for that day.

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Hamlet of Denmark !

FONG-HI.

A LEGEND OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

"LET zanies laud a single life ;
I 'd rather lord a lady wife,
Well temper'd—like a carving knife !"
Cried Fong-Hi.

"Yet friends who 're out at elbows grown
Give me advice in urgent tone,
'We think you 'd better—*stand a-loan*,
Dear Fong-Hi !"

"But I will gain Loo-chi's consent !"
So straight to Miss Loo-chi he went ;
But speedily away she sent
Poor Fong-Hi.

He ran home to his china shop,
Vow'd to his life he'd put a stop.
“ *I'll hang,*” cried he,—and took *a drop!*
Queer Fong-Hi !

He storm'd aloud, his rage was such,
Broke every cup his hand could touch—
As if he'd had *a cup too much.*
Mad Fong-Hi !

He play'd at bowls with all the bowls,
And sent tea-pots to pot in shoals,
While many a headless figure rolls
Round Fong-Hi.

And when there was nor pot nor jug
Wherewith the angry Fong might tug,
Why then he coolly—*cut a mug!*
Odd Fong-Hi !

But oh! there still remained a figure
With nose and lips just like a ‘nigger,’
And such a head! a great deal bigger
Than Fong-Hi's.



A capital Q!

This niddy noddy frightful thing
Began to move! — and with a spring
Leap'd down, and quick began to cling
On Fong-Hi.

Dismayed, and as a snowdrop pale,
He fled — but 'twas of no avail,
It held fast by the plaited tail
Of Fong-Hi.

He ran till breath and strength were fled,
And terror left him all but dead, —
The dwarf in tone commanding said,
“ Stop, Fong-Hi.”

Fong fast as frozen stream stood still :—
“ What — what's your highness's good will ?”
Cried he, “ Do you intend to kill
Poor Fong-Hi ?”

“ Nay, not so, Fong, but I have sworn
(T' avenge the wrongs my race hath borne)
To grasp this tail long as it's worn,
By Fong-Hi !”

Fong smiled again,—why should he pine?
For soon he with a razor fine
Cut short his tail—as I do mine
Of Fong-Hi.

IMPROMPTU

TO A SPORTSMAN,

Who said he had a Gun made by Egg, and another by Nock.

Two guns since you have, let me tell
The service they're fit for, I beg :—
If in *Poaching* you'd wish to excel,
Be sure to make use of the "EGG!"

But when owners of Manors permit
Your excursions among the wild stock ;
Whenever you wish for a *Hit*,
Be sure you make use of the "Nock!"

FARE YE WELL !

BY THE HON. CAPT. N——, AND LOUISA. H. SHERIDAN.

COURTEOUS reader ! will you form *part* of a *parting party*, composed of the comic actors who, having *figured* in our pages, we trust are not *ciphers* in your estimation, and who are receiving their *deserts*, in enjoying the *fruits* of their labours. The *fare* we hope is *good*, being anxious for the *welfare* of a *fare well* party, whom we wish to be of *good cheer* !

You will find a variety of *different plates* for your *service*, as we dislike every thing belonging to a *particular set* : our plates, however, are all of the *wedge-wood* style. In our three courses the aim has been to provide for *delicate* fancies ; and in front of your attendants you will find the merry *Pages* of king Comus, but if you like them not, we faithfully promise next year to *turn over a new leaf* !

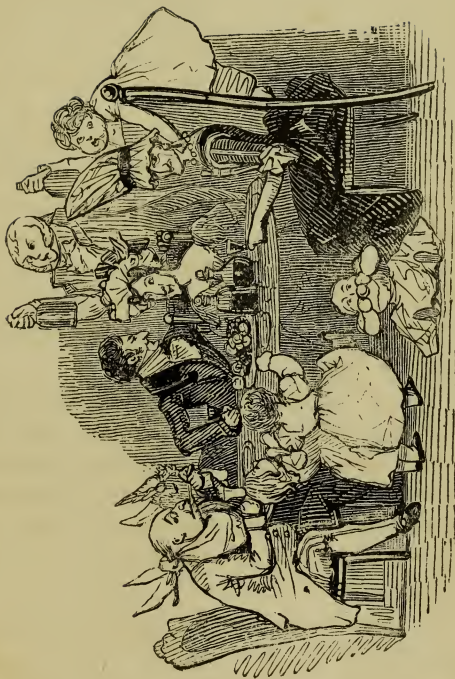
Providing amusement, they say, is synonymous with giving entertainment ; so, like anxious entertaining hosts, we are glad to see these satisfied faces round the board, a sort of animated “ *table of con-*

tents!" There may be something melancholy in the name of a *Pine*, but we loyally love it for sake of its *crown*: to *grape* we have only recourse to fire at our enemies — if we have any — which is doubtful, except that, having had a great increase to our poetical contributions, it would seem there exists an *add-verse* party!

Last year the good-nature of the critics made them treat us most kindly, and we hope they will now come *forward* with a *re-treat* of the same nature. When we, for pastime, feast our minds by repassing the *past* in view, it becomes quite a *repast* for us: but if any reader hath "*blown* us up" heretofore, we do not wish for a similar *re-gale* from him this season!

In order to make you find your way more easily through our pages, we have *blocked* them very closely with wood: we have recourse to this increase of the *blockade*, like the system on the coast, to protect and increase your stock of genuine *good Spirits*, and trust you will approve of our *proof* samples!

We now conclude with a *design*, because it is our intention to *draw* to the end of our book, hoping this plate, like the letter *M*, makes the *End Mend*; and we beg leave to say that, (possessing your kind patronage) we shall next year also have as many "*cuts* — and COME AGAIN!"



A fare well party!





